THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, March 26, 1955

R. H. S. Crossman on the YALTA PAPERS

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	417
MR. ATTLEE PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN	420
THE LESSON OF YALTA. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	420
ECONOMICS OF TWO EUROPES. By G. D. H. Cole	421
LONDON DIARY. By Flavus	422
NOTHING SECRET. By Sagittarius	424
THIS ENGLAND	424
A SCIENTIST IN CHINA. By J. D. Bernal	424
OLIVE SCHREINER. By Basil Davidson	426
A LEAN HARVEST. By Naomi Mitchison	428
INWARD BOUND. By Vernon Johnson	428
ELDER BROTHER (with caricature by VICKY)	430
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Hook, Line and Sinker. By T. C. Worsley	432
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.*	Page
The Music of the Spheres. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	432
Round the Exhibitions. By John Berger	434
A Day in the Country. By William Whitebait	434
Belmont and the Bomb. By William Salter	436
CORRESPONDENCE	437
From Anthony Howard; Hugh MacDiarmid; J. M. Knowles; D. O. Dixon; Bryan Anstey; E. B. C. Jones; Diana Bazalgette; Hugh Heckstall-Smith; Alexander Werth.	
REASSESSMENTS: J. A. Hobson's Imperialism. By A. J. P. Taylor	441
NEER AGAIN, SAID I. By Sydney Goodsir Smith	442
REVIEWS:	Page
Palace of Art. By K. John	442
A Residuary Culture. By Hugh Trevor-Roper	443
The Arab Westernised. By R. H. S. Crossman	444
New Novels. By Walter Allen	445
The Two Duchesses. By Ralph Partridge	446
The Philosopher of Mount Carmel. By Antonia White	446
Nature in Hopkins. By Christopher Devlin, S.J.	447
Back to the Land. By Asa Briggs	447
SHORTER REVIEWS	448
WEEK-END COMPETITION	450
CHESS. By Assiac	452
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	452

Sir Anthony Weighs the Odds

THIS time Sir Winston appears to have done it. At intervals during the past eighteen months he has allowed his mind to wander towards retirement; and each time, after a brief contemplation of the pleasures of a country gentleman's life, he has shied off—to the ill-concealed irritation of many of his colleagues. Now, at last, the moment seems to have arrived. Once again, Sir Winston has decided to retire, and on this occasion his supporters and his press have combined to make it almost impossible for him to change his mind.

But Sir Winston's translation to a back bench (we trust he is firm in his resolve to avoid what he would surely regard as the insufferable stodginess of the Upper House) does not mean that a general election is certain this summer. This decision will be for Sir Anthony, and nobody else; and while he may lean towards an early appeal to the country, he is certain to leave the matter open until he actually sits in Number 10. When he does so, he will have to balance the competing merits of a June or October poll.

One thing is sure: his final choice will depend more on Mr. Butler than on Mr. Bevan. What can the Chancellor tell him? Is there a calculable risk that the difficulties now facing Lancashire cotton will become more serious in the course of the summer? Are the Australian import cuts the harbinger of a worsening trade position, in which the seasonal autumn drain on the gold and dollar reserves may be aggravated to the point of crisis? Can the recent (and slight) recovery of sterling since the Bank Rate was raised be maintained? Will "tight credit" create unemployment by autumn?

Mr. Butler cannot give very definite answers, but he may well say that his prospective surplus permits him to take a chance on a fairly popular budget next month. Over-optimism could perhaps be corrected by a supplementary budget later in the year—provided that the Government had got the election behind it. For Mr. Butler cannot safely predict that economic conditions will be any better for an autumn election. He may add that, if the election is too long postponed, and if, in a pre-election atmosphere, the Government under Sir Anthony is hesitant or indecisive, the uncertainty will be bad for business and will weaken sterling. Once the public and the City begin to expect an election, the pressure on the Cabinet rapidly gathers momentum. Tory managers, moreover, are likely to stress the electoral advantage of going to the country soon after the new pension rates come into force.

In such calculations the state of the Labour Party must naturally play some part. Of course the Tories hope to profit from the Bevan controversy. But it is a nice question for them whether they can profit better by calling a snap election or by leaving the sore to fester until the Labour Conference. Wednesday's decision by the National Executive does not give Sir Anthony much help. However the trial of Mr. Bevan finally ends, the Tories may feel that it has created tensions which will continue to corrode the morale of the Labour Party and are bound progressively to lessen its electoral appeal. But against this the Central Office must set Labour's remarkable ability to close its ranks when faced with an election; and a campaign timed to take immediate advantage of Labour's troubles could easily antagonise some marginal voters by so patently playing narrow party politics.

To Sir Anthony, therefore, Labour's dissensions may seem a card which, for what it is worth, can be played either in summer or autumn. He must make up his mind for other reasons; and to those who know how to interpret it, Mr. Butler's budget may give a clue to the election date. In any case, if Sir Anthony chooses to seek his mandate before the summer holidays, it will be because of his doubts whether "Tory prosperity" can last out the year.

The Price of Oil

The Economic Commission for Europe, whose general report on 1954 is discussed by G. D. H. Cole on a later page of this issue, has provoked from the international oil consortium angry comments on the paper which the secretariat has published on the price of oil in western Europe. The paper confirms fully the comments on the oil situation made in these columns a few weeks ago (*N.S. & N.*, February 26). The daily average yield from Middle East wells is about 5,000 barrels, as compared with under 12 barrels from U.S. wells. Even allowing for lower U.S. drilling costs, and the expenditure on public services and facilities which falls on companies operating in the Middle East, the E.C.E. conclusion is that the average cost of producing crude oil in Bahrein is about one-third of the American cost. With the selling price (f.o.b.) of Middle East oil fixed by the consortium at a point equivalent to the price of Texas Gulf oil in the markets of the eastern seaboard of the U.S.—subject only to differences in transport costs—the profits on Middle East production are colossal. The paper suggests that in 1952, with crude oil selling at $1.75 per barrel, a net profit of about $1.40 per barrel was being earned on the Saudi Arabian output of 300,000,000 barrels—half of which went, of course, in royalties to the Government of Saudi Arabia. These profits, it is true, have been used beneficially to expand Western Europe's refining capacity; and there is some evidence that they may occasionally have been set against internal "book-keeping" losses on transport and refining. Nevertheless, it is quite clear that, but for the operations of the international oil monopoly, Western Europe could get Middle Eastern oil at a much lower price than it does.

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To say that this is an anomalous situation is easier than to prescribe a practicable solution. It is idle to expect the American companies voluntarily to sell Middle Eastern oil in Europe below the world cartel price: if they did, they would be attacked by American consumers for exercising a "discriminating" monopoly against U.S. interests. The E.C.E. paper also concedes that merely to break up the international cartel, and throw the Middle East open to a "free for all," might well redound ultimately to consumers' disadvantage. There is a strong case for the orderly conservation, production and marketing of the world's oil; and short of "internationalising" the whole industry in the hands of a non-profit-making U.N. authority (a proposition which the U.S. would never accept), there is no obvious alternative to the present consortium of companies. The conditions of the industry point unmistakably to the need for organisation in very large-scale units able to finance, from their profits, the huge investment involved in planned expansion of sea-transport and refining capacity. But must the consumer accept, without protest, whatever prices the consortium dictates? One suggestion made by the E.C.E. is that reconsideration should be given to the (unratified) Anglo-American Oil Treaty of 1945, which explicitly recognised the interests of all Governments, consuming as well as producing. If Western Europe is to get Middle East oil at lower prices, the question of assessing the "right" price is one which will have to be discussed by Ministers on both sides of the Atlantic, as an issue of international policy.

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Australian Austerity

Simultaneously with the new Gatt regulations comes the announcement that Australia has again reverted to a drastic limitation of imports. This will hit the Lancashire textile industry at a particularly awkward time, when its leaders are already clamouring for protection against imports from India. It will also damage the motor-vehicle industry, for which Australia is at present the biggest export market. The reason given by the Australian Government is that the balance of payments has recently been getting more and more adverse, largely as a result of changes in the terms of trade. In fact, Australia has been importing heavily as part of a process of rapid economic development; and the large sterling balances accumulated during the period of inflated export prices have been running down. The cuts now imposed are of 15 per cent. in the case of essential imports, such as raw materials and machinery, and of one-third in the categories of "near-essentials" and "luxuries." Australia started to cut imports by quantitative restrictions in March, 1952, relaxed its restrictions by stages during 1953 and the first half of 1954, and tightened them slightly again last autumn. There is, of course, nothing new about the high degree of instability of the Australian balance, which is greatly affected by the relative prices of agricultural exports and industrial imports—the latter being subject to continuous pressure on account of the policy of rapid industrial, rather than agricultural, expansion.

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Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Edgar Faure is now painfully aware that he made a serious error in agreeing to follow Mendès-France as Prime Minister. First, this led to a bitter, and probably irrevocable, quarrel with Mendès-France himself—the end of a valuable political friendship going back to their student days. Secondly, the Independents are now calmly discussing the tactics they will use to replace M. Faure by M. Pinay. Finally, whatever hopes M. Faure may once have entertained of adding to his reputation as a financial statesman have now been dashed by the brutal power-politics of M. Poujade.

For this last, M. Faure has only himself to blame. When, at a Cabinet meeting in December, Mendès-France suggested that strong and immediate measures be taken against the Poujade movement, M. Faure pooh-poohed the idea as needlessly alarmist. Even as late as the end of February, when the super-prefects held a special conference in Paris to discuss the situation, M. Faure refused their request for the arrest of Poujade and his principal accomplices. This, as it turned out, was a fatal error. During the first two weeks of March, 200,000 new adherents joined the movement, and seven more *départements* passed under Poujade's sway. Even more important, the movement, for the first time, acquired a real sense of political direction. A "Poujade Lobby," led by Messrs. Frédéric-Dupont and Max Brusset, was formed in the Assembly; and Poujade's vague, nihilistic programme was replaced by specific demands: the repeal of Article 33 of the Finance Bill, which deals with the control and punishment of tax-offenders, and the withdrawal of the mobile tax-control brigade. Both these instruments, in their present form, have been the subject of legitimate criticism, and by making them the principal targets of his campaign, Poulade (or his advisors) showed a masterly sense of tactics.

The result was last Friday's catastrophic session in the Assembly, which probably did more than any other debate in recent years to undermine confidence in France's political institutions. The leaders of the traditional business lobbies are at least the equals of M. Poujade in ruthlessness; but they are, as a rule, much more discreet in their operations. Poujade's fulminations after the debate were another sign of his political recklessness, and they may well prove his undoing. Most of his objectives had been attained the previous night: the Government has agreed to withdraw the tax-control brigades from small businesses and to revise Article 33—obviously no Government, however weak, could have agreed to the outright suppression of the Article—and Right-wing spokesmen made it clear that they reserved judgment on the alternative solution which M. Faure is due to present on Monday. It is difficult to see, in fact, what Poujade had to grumble about.

Meanwhile, from Mégève, M. Mendès-France has been watching events with some satisfaction. His holiday, which ended on Tuesday, has been well spent. He has completed two books, which are already on the news stands; he is conducting negotiations for the purchase of a Paris daily (possibly *Combat*) which will be linked to three provincial papers; and he has persuaded M. Herriot to resign from the Presidency of the Radical Party unless a special congress is summoned to censure M. Mayer. More important still, he is already drawing up lists of candidates, from various parties, whom he is prepared to endorse at next year's elections. The wisdom of his decision to form an inter-party group rather than a new party appears to be confirmed by the latest public opinion poll which is due to be published next week. The results of this poll show a certain increase in the number of voters anxious to see the emergence of a new party, and some 2 per cent. specifically mention a party led by Mendès-France. Nevertheless, the basic political allegiances have changed only slightly since the last poll in 1953. The C.P. and the Radicals have approximately the same percentage as in 1951, at the last elections; the Socialists are up from 14 to 16 per cent.; the Gaullists, it is true, have lost 48 per cent. of their electors and the M.R.P. 36 per cent., but most of these voters have simply swung over to the classical Right. In other words, the French political structure still retains its characteristic hexagonal shape, and any changes will have to be made within the limits of the present system.

NEW YORK

The Yalta Papers

Our New York Correspondent writes: Publication of the State Department's Yalta papers has brought expected partisan reaction on Capitol Hill. For years the Right wing of the Republican Party has been screaming "sell-out" with respect to the Crimean conference. Despite the lack of any revelations of a fundamental nature, some Republican leaders are already frankly calling the Yalta record a "political gold mine" and are predicting that its "implications" will carry over into the 1956 Presidential election campaign. It was the hope that such exploitation would be possible that spurred the party's tacticians to press for the papers' release. The Right-wingers are now saying that they will study the transcript with a view to finding ways of repudiating formally the Yalta Agreements.

This group correctly insists that such a repudiation was a Republican campaign pledge in 1952. But, when President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles actually found themselves in a position of power and responsibility, they also found that the pledge was empty of real meaning: most of the agreements had hardened into *faits accomplis*, now irreversible, and denunciation could be little more than a gesture. Certainly, repudiation by the Republicans would embarrass the Democrats, but it would also damage U.S. prestige abroad. Nevertheless, Dulles finally succumbed to the pressure of his Right wing. The aim of this group is to assert greater control generally by Congress over the conduct of U.S. foreign policy. Specifically, the China Lobby, headed by Senators Knowland and Bridges, would like to repudiate Yalta because they feel it would strengthen the pro-Chiang policy they are insisting upon. The Yalta releases also give new opportunities for the supporters of the Bricker constitutional amendment, which would restrict the President's powers to make international agreements. The amendment, which is opposed by Eisenhower and was defeated by only one vote last year, has been re-introduced.

The Democrats have hit back. They point out that they were supposed to have been the villains of the piece, but that the Yalta papers show conclusively that nothing very sinister took place. In particular, the role of Alger Hiss—long the target of Republican insinuations—was minimal, that of a routine technical adviser, who occasionally drafted a rebuttal of some Soviet argument. The Democrats are now warning the Republicans that they are dangerously close to wrecking bi-partisanship on foreign policy. Representative Richards, Democratic chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has said that, if the Republicans attempt to exploit the papers, they are bound "to hurt the efforts of Democrats to build up a co-operative policy." Senator Mansfield put it more bluntly when he said that the Republicans must decide whether party or country comes first.

WESTMINSTER

H-bomb Genetics

A debate which sets out self-consciously to be a woman's debate is in trouble from the start. It leads inevitably to smug reflections on the inadequacy of the male, the analogy being that he is so clumsy about the home that he is bound to make a mess when he goes blundering about trying to run a planet. Tuesday's debate on the genetic effects of H-bomb radio-activity ran true to form. We were given a coy glimpse of the beatitude and peace which would illumine our days if only women were in charge, an illusion which was hard to sustain when Irene Ward had almost to be pulled away from Barbara Castle by the Deputy Speaker. We were even didactically informed by Elaine Burton that the human reproductive organs are not sited in the chest. And a man, Mr. Walter Elliot, had humbly to excuse himself for speaking, on the grounds that he was, anyway, a certified midwife. Apart from this cloying atmosphere of womanly superiority the debate was of great value, particularly because Dr. Summerskill in the end spoke, not as a woman but as a scientist; and, paradoxically, because Harriet Slater spoke not as a scientist but as a woman.

There emerged a clearly defined difference between the two parties. Dr. Summerskill gave an almost clinical lecture on the medical and genetic effects of radio-activity. Her style was just right, and it produced rare Parliamentary effect. Members actually listened to her, interestedly, in order to learn something. But Mr. Iain MacLeod, Minister of Health, turned down every one of her suggestions. No, there was no point in calling the world's scientists to meet and discuss the problem—the Soviet scientists would come to make politics, not progress. No, there would be no point in agreeing to ban experimental explosions—this would give people a "false sense of security." Not even the outraged reaction of the Opposition (female and male) to these hopeless propositions provoked Mr. MacLeod. He is one of Britain's bridge experts and he brings his card-playing technique to the Box. From beneath a phenomenally domed brow he watches the House with calculating eyes. Then he plays the card to suit the mood. His strong suit on Tuesday was conciliation, the Council-of-State line, the we-are-all-perturbed-but-let-us-not-panic line. He was not to be trapped into playing even one aggressive card.

And there it rests. Global radio-activity increases, markedly, since the H-bombs have been detonated. So far there seem to have been no dire effects save to the Japanese fishermen. But no one knows where the threshold of safety lies. And the Government lamely turns down any positive approach. For the rest, prior to Wednesday's meeting of the N.E.C., observers were diverted by the steady stream of Labour Members marching to and from Clement Attlee's room. Some went to stiffen his backbone—to persuade him to persuade the N.E.C. to chop Nye's head off. Some went to plead conciliation and compromise. Some went to explain that their vote against him at the Party meeting was in no way to be taken as an indication that they did not want office in the next Labour Government. Attlee, as usual, kept mum.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

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Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Edgar Faure is now painfully aware that he made a serious error in agreeing to follow Mendès-France as Prime Minister. First, this led to a bitter, and probably irrevocable, quarrel with Mendès-France himself—the end of a valuable political friendship going back to their student days. Secondly, the Independents are now calmly discussing the tactics they will use to replace M. Faure by M. Pinay. Finally, whatever hopes M. Faure may once have entertained of adding to his reputation as a financial statesman have now been dashed by the brutal power-politics of M. Poujade.

For this last, M. Faure has only himself to blame. When, at a Cabinet meeting in December, Mendès-France suggested that strong and immediate measures be taken against the Poujade movement, M. Faure pooh-poohed the idea as needlessly alarmist. Even as late as the end of February, when the super-prefects held a special conference in Paris to discuss the situation, M. Faure refused their request for the arrest of Poujade and his principal accomplices. This, as it turned out, was a fatal error. During the first two weeks of March, 200,000 new adherents joined the movement, and seven more *départements* passed under Poujade's sway. Even more important, the movement, for the first time, acquired a real sense of political direction. A "Poujade Lobby," led by Messrs. Frédéric-Dupont and Max Brusset, was formed in the Assembly; and Poujade's vague, nihilistic programme was replaced by specific demands: the repeal of Article 33 of the Finance Bill, which deals with the control and punishment of tax-offenders, and the withdrawal of the mobile tax-control brigade. Both these instruments, in their present form, have been the subject of legitimate criticism, and by making them the principal targets of his campaign, Poulade (or his advisors) showed a masterly sense of tactics.

The result was last Friday's catastrophic session in the Assembly, which probably did more than any other debate in recent years to undermine confidence in France's political institutions. The leaders of the traditional business lobbies are at least the equals of M. Poujade in ruthlessness; but they are, as a rule, much more discreet in their operations. Poujade's fulminations after the debate were another sign of his political recklessness, and they may well prove his undoing. Most of his objectives had been attained the previous night: the Government has agreed to withdraw the tax-control brigades from small businesses and to revise Article 33—obviously no Government, however weak, could have agreed to the outright suppression of the Article—and Right-wing spokesmen made it clear that they reserved judgment on the alternative solution which M. Faure is due to present on Monday. It is difficult to see, in fact, what Poujade had to grumble about.

Meanwhile, from Mégève, M. Mendès-France has been watching events with some satisfaction. His holiday, which ended on Tuesday, has been well spent. He has completed two books, which are already on the news stands; he is conducting negotiations for the purchase of a Paris daily (possibly *Combat*) which will be linked to three provincial papers; and he has persuaded M. Herriot to resign from the Presidency of the Radical Party unless a special congress is summoned to censure M. Mayer. More important still, he is already drawing up lists of candidates, from various parties, whom he is prepared to endorse at next year's elections. The wisdom of his decision to form an inter-party group rather than a new party appears to be confirmed by the latest public opinion poll which is due to be published next week. The results of this poll show a certain increase in the number of voters anxious to see the emergence of a new party, and some 2 per cent. specifically mention a party led by Mendès-France. Nevertheless, the basic political allegiances have changed only slightly since the last poll in 1953. The C.P. and the Radicals have approximately the same percentage as in 1951, at the last elections; the Socialists are up from 14 to 16 per cent.; the Gaullists, it is true, have lost 48 per cent. of their electors and the M.R.P. 36 per cent., but most of these voters have simply swung over to the classical Right. In other words, the French political structure still retains its characteristic hexagonal shape, and any changes will have to be made within the limits of the present system.

NEW YORK

The Yalta Papers

Our New York Correspondent writes: Publication of the State Department's Yalta papers has brought expected partisan reaction on Capitol Hill. For years the Right wing of the Republican Party has been screaming "sell-out" with respect to the Crimean conference. Despite the lack of any revelations of a fundamental nature, some Republican leaders are already frankly calling the Yalta record a "political gold mine" and are predicting that its "implications" will carry over into the 1956 Presidential election campaign. It was the hope that such exploitation would be possible that spurred the party's tacticians to press for the papers' release. The Right-wingers are now saying that they will study the transcript with a view to finding ways of repudiating formally the Yalta Agreements.

This group correctly insists that such a repudiation was a Republican campaign pledge in 1952. But, when President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles actually found themselves in a position of power and responsibility, they also found that the pledge was empty of real meaning: most of the agreements had hardened into *faits accomplis*, now irreversible, and denunciation could be little more than a gesture. Certainly, repudiation by the Republicans would embarrass the Democrats, but it would also damage U.S. prestige abroad. Nevertheless, Dulles finally succumbed to the pressure of his Right wing. The aim of this group is to assert greater control generally by Congress over the conduct of U.S. foreign policy. Specifically, the China Lobby, headed by Senators Knowland and Bridges, would like to repudiate Yalta because they feel it would strengthen the pro-Chiang policy they are insisting upon. The Yalta releases also give new opportunities for the supporters of the Bricker constitutional amendment, which would restrict the President's powers to make international agreements. The amendment, which is opposed by Eisenhower and was defeated by only one vote last year, has been re-introduced.

The Democrats have hit back. They point out that they were supposed to have been the villains of the piece, but that the Yalta papers show conclusively that nothing very sinister took place. In particular, the role of Alger Hiss—long the target of Republican insinuations—was minimal, that of a routine technical adviser, who occasionally drafted a rebuttal of some Soviet argument. The Democrats are now warning the Republicans that they are dangerously close to wrecking bi-partisanship on foreign policy. Representative Richards, Democratic chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has said that, if the Republicans attempt to exploit the papers, they are bound "to hurt the efforts of Democrats to build up a co-operative policy." Senator Mansfield put it more bluntly when he said that the Republicans must decide whether party or country comes first.

WESTMINSTER

H-bomb Genetics

A debate which sets out self-consciously to be a woman's debate is in trouble from the start. It leads inevitably to smug reflections on the inadequacy of the male, the analogy being that he is so clumsy about the home that he is bound to make a mess when he goes blundering about trying to run a planet. Tuesday's debate on the genetic effects of H-bomb radio-activity ran true to form. We were given a coy glimpse of the beatitude and peace which would illumine our days if only women were in charge, an illusion which was hard to sustain when Irene Ward had almost to be pulled away from Barbara Castle by the Deputy Speaker. We were even didactically informed by Elaine Burton that the human reproductive organs are not sited in the chest. And a man, Mr. Walter Elliot, had humbly to excuse himself for speaking, on the grounds that he was, anyway, a certified midwife. Apart from this cloying atmosphere of womanly superiority the debate was of great value, particularly because Dr. Summerskill in the end spoke, not as a woman but as a scientist; and, paradoxically, because Harriet Slater spoke not as a scientist but as a woman.

There emerged a clearly defined difference between the two parties. Dr. Summerskill gave an almost clinical lecture on the medical and genetic effects of radio-activity. Her style was just right, and it produced rare Parliamentary effect. Members actually listened to her, interestedly, in order to learn something. But Mr. Iain MacLeod, Minister of Health, turned down every one of her suggestions. No, there was no point in calling the world's scientists to meet and discuss the problem—the Soviet scientists would come to make politics, not progress. No, there would be no point in agreeing to ban experimental explosions—this would give people a "false sense of security." Not even the outraged reaction of the Opposition (female and male) to these hopeless propositions provoked Mr. MacLeod. He is one of Britain's bridge experts and he brings his card-playing technique to the Box. From beneath a phenomenally domed brow he watches the House with calculating eyes. Then he plays the card to suit the mood. His strong suit on Tuesday was conciliation, the Council-of-State line, the we-are-all-perturbed-but-let-us-not-panic line. He was not to be trapped into playing even one aggressive card.

And there it rests. Global radio-activity increases, markedly, since the H-bombs have been detonated. So far there seem to have been no dire effects save to the Japanese fishermen. But no one knows where the threshold of safety lies. And the Government lamely turns down any positive approach. For the rest, prior to Wednesday's meeting of the N.E.C., observers were diverted by the steady stream of Labour Members marching to and from Clement Attlee's room. Some went to stiffen his backbone—to persuade him to persuade the N.E.C. to chop Nye's head off. Some went to plead conciliation and compromise. Some went to explain that their vote against him at the Party meeting was in no way to be taken as an indication that they did not want office in the next Labour Government. Attlee, as usual, kept mum.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Power of the Triumvirs

A Correspondent writes: Formally, Labour's National Executive reflects the balance of interests in the movement: seven members represent the local parties, five the women, twelve the unions, and two the Parliamentary Party, while the Treasurer and a representative of the Socialist Societies make the total membership up to 28. Why, then, should the Big Three of the trade unions—Mr. Deakin, Mr. Williamson and Mr. Jones—be able to wield such power? The answer is that their voting strength is sufficient to ensure the election or defeat of any of the trade union or women members. In recent years, Mrs. Eirene White and Mr. Hewitson disappeared from the Executive because they became aware before the election that they had forfeited the vote of the Big Three—and this veto hangs over all the union and women's section members. Only on a critical issue, such as German rearmament or the fate of Mr. Bevan, are any of the union members likely to resist the pressure from the Right. Then, as Tuesday's resolutions by the A.E.U. and the N.U.R. suggest, they have to think of the threat to their own union positions.

Before the recent additions to their affiliated membership, the Transport Workers cast 835,000 votes and the General and Municipal 400,000; the Miners cast 685,000. To this total of 1,920,000 must be added at least another 500,000 votes from smaller unions—such as the Steelworkers, Transport Salaried Staffs and Clerical Workers—which can be relied on to follow the lead of Mr. Deakin and Mr. Williamson. The steady Left union vote totals about 1,700,000, leaving some 800,000 uncommitted. Thus, since 5 million votes can be cast in the elections for trade union members, the hard core of the Right would be sufficient, if need be, to elect a complete "slate": much the same is true in choosing the women's section; for a candidate who was opposed by the triumvirs would have to get the vote of all the constituency parties plus all the unions not completely committed to the Right.

In these elections there is no real contest. A few ultra-Left candidates get a handful of votes, while last year the top candidate in the union section (Mr. Earnshaw) received a 98 per cent. vote, and all but the three lowest received more than 90 per cent. Similarly, in the women's group, the top poll was 95 per cent. for Miss Herbison and the lowest successful candidate was Miss Horan with 76 per cent. In short, such unions as the Railwaymen, Shop Workers and the A.E.U., whose voting on policy issues went against the Executive, were voting solidly to reinstate without challenge the Executive members whose policies they rejected.

How can this contradiction be explained? It is clear that there is advance agreement between the unions on a "ticket." This ensures that "Left" unions, such as the N.U.R. and U.S.D.A.W., are represented on the Executive, whereas their candidates would probably be defeated if they ran in opposition to the triumvirs. But they are, for the most part, represented by "acceptable" members who—it must be assumed—often take an opposite line on policy from their union. Next, the majority of trade union members are officials of the second rank, whose ambition is normally to secure the much more valued posts on the General Council of the T.U.C. And here the power of the Big Three is again exerted. At the T.U.C., their voting strength has been much greater—it represents their full membership—and it is almost impossible in the main trade groups for an "unreliable" union leader to secure election, as witness the long exclusion of Mr. Arthur Horner.

Mr. Attlee Puts His Foot Down

THOSE who have been attacking Mr. Attlee for doodling while the Labour Party fell to pieces have had their answer. At the fateful meeting of Labour's National Executive last Wednesday morning, he gave a clear and courageous lead; and if the newspapers are right in reporting that he got his way only by the narrowest of majorities, this fact underlines the gravity of the crisis with which he was grappling. It was known last Monday evening that Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell, after lengthy private consultations with the leaders of the big general unions, had decided to force the immediate expulsion of Mr. Bevan. Mr. Attlee, apparently, took his stand against them. He realised that if this compact Right-wing group had its way, a purge would be begun in the Labour Party which would destroy its Socialist dynamic and turn it into the seamy kind of "Labourite" trade union party which is to be found in Australia. He decided, therefore, to make one supreme effort to prevent the split. Against those who urged immediate expulsion, he suggested that an *ad hoc* committee of eight should at once meet Mr. Bevan, seek assurances from him about his future conduct, and report to a special meeting of the Executive next week.

To an outside observer the proposal that an outstanding Socialist leader should not be expelled without a hearing—and that a split should not be permitted without one attempt at conciliation—would seem to be the most obvious common sense. It might have been expected that when it was put forward by the Leader of the Party it would be accepted without dissent or debate. Yet apparently Mr. Attlee was grimly opposed by some of his closest parliamentary colleagues, and the fact that he just won is being described in the Tory Press as a resounding defeat for the Right and even as a victory for the Left. In sober truth it was a victory for no faction, but for the moral sanity of a man who has devoted his whole life to the service of the Labour Party, and who is doing everything in his power to prevent its destruction by the irreconcilable "loyalists" of both extremes.

It is now for Mr. Bevan to make the most of the opportunity which Mr. Attlee's firmness has won for him. He must realise that he may not get another. The nation-wide reaction in trade union branches and constituency parties to the threat of his expulsion has shaken his enemies and justified his political instinct. Now something more is required of him—a willingness to show unequivocably that he accepts the leadership of Mr. Attlee as the one man who can hold the contending wings of the Party together. The vast majority of Labour supporters pin their faith on Mr. Attlee as their leader, accept Mr. Gaitskell as their financial expert, and look up to Aneurin Bevan as the spokesman and inspirer of their Socialist faith. Mr. Attlee has created the atmosphere in which the party can achieve this kind of unity in time for the election.

The Lesson of Yalta

FOR once I feel a sneaking sympathy with Mr. John Foster Dulles. Of course, the only reason why the Republicans want the official record of Yalta published is in order to smear the Democrats. Of course, the Secretary of State's method of arranging to be "compelled" to release the document exuded that ecclesiastical foxiness which is his most unattractive quality. Nevertheless I am baffled by the hostile storm which his action has aroused in Whitehall. We already have three pro-Roosevelt and one pro-Winston accounts of Yalta, each of them based on the secret record. Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Stettinius, Mr. Sherwood (editing the Harry Hopkins papers) and, naturally, Sir Winston himself, have all written partisan versions of what happened, each of them including a rich selection of gossipy titbits which show the author in a favourable light. At first glance the State Department record, as published in the *New York Times*, includes nothing of any importance which had not been previously published. Indeed, the only interest of it is that it includes a few (but not all) of the titbits which Sir Winston and the three pro-Roosevelt authors preferred to suppress. This fifth, Republican version in fact portrays F.D.R. and Sir Winston with some of the gilt scraped off, and their human weaknesses showing through their tasteless jokes. I cannot see any harm in this ten years after the conference took place. Indeed, I only wish that the British Government had at once agreed to co-operate in producing an agreed record of Potsdam as well.

For a fresh study of Yalta has a special and urgent relevance to our present problems. This conference was an example of precisely the kind of Three Power high-level talks, without a rigid agenda, which Sir Winston proposed nearly two years ago, and which the Opposition has been advocating so eagerly ever since. At the very least, if we can discover what went wrong at Yalta and why it went wrong, we can try to avoid these mistakes next time.

In America—and, to a lesser extent, in this country—it is fashionable to regard Yalta as a "sell-out" by the Western Powers or, at the very least, as a conference in the course of which the President and the Prime Minister were completely out-manoeuvred by Stalin. True enough, when we read the full record we see Roosevelt as a vain and ailing politician, captivated by his own famous charm and confident that the kind of personal "fixing" which worked so well in New Deal politics could be applied satisfactorily to international affairs. Yet although, in his rather palpable efforts to get chummy with Stalin, he committed a number of minor disloyalties towards his British colleagues, the Western statesmen presented a fairly solid united front at Yalta; and, after some very tough bargaining, extracted from Stalin a number of concessions which he had no need to make and which must therefore have given them the impression that he was sincerely anxious for Three-Power co-operation.

On Germany, of course, there was basic agreement. Whereas in 1955 Anglo-American policy is mainly concerned to win over the Germans as allies, ten years ago Sir Winston and Roosevelt were determined to create what is now called a "power vacuum" in central Europe by neutralising German military strength. They fully approved of the plan under which the Poles were compen-

sated for their losses in the East by throwing millions of Germans out of Silesia and Prussia, and they must have realised that the incorporation of these German territories would force the new Poland into complete strategic dependence on the Soviet Union and extend Russian influence over the whole of central Europe. In the case of Czechoslovakia this presented no problem, since Benes was confident that his country could be a member of the Russian bloc and yet retain freedom and independence. The Polish Government in exile was more difficult to square; and Roosevelt and Churchill fought hard to ensure that the new Government in Warsaw should at least appear to be "democratic."

What is frequently forgotten is that, in dealing with the problem of eastern Europe, the Western statesmen were negotiating from extreme weakness. The Russian armies could have the last word in all these countries, just as ours could have the last word in western Europe. Even if the whole Polish people had unanimously desired it, there was no chance of establishing an independent anti-Communist Government in Warsaw. Once the West had accepted the neutralisation of Germany, the best that could be hoped for was a Russian policy which achieved its object in eastern Europe without too flagrantly violating appearances.

The question we have to ask ourselves, therefore, is whether German neutralisation, which was the premise of the East-West agreement achieved at Yalta, was a mistaken policy, and whether Roosevelt and Churchill could have proposed any other solution, more in accord with Western interests. The answer, surely, is that, unless they were prepared to start the third world war against the Soviet Union, they were bound to accept the power vacuum in Germany and all the consequences in eastern Europe which flowed from it. One can fairly criticise many details of the agreement, including the infamous proposal to create nine million German refugees, and the inane acceptance of the western sectors of Berlin without a corridor through the Russian Zone. But there was no practicable alternative to neutralisation, unless the Western Powers were prepared to accept the proposal of the anti-Hitler conspiracy of July 20, and permit the German armies to hold the eastern frontier against the Communists. By his disingenuous handling of the Montgomery telegram, Sir Winston is now trying to pretend that some such idea was at the back of his mind in May, 1945. But the record makes it clear that in February, at Yalta, he envisaged such senseless treachery to his Russian allies just as little as Mr. Roosevelt did.

There were two very good reasons why the President and the Prime Minister acted as they did. In the first place, the British people would not have tolerated the alternative to Yalta, which meant building up German military strength in order to fill the power vacuum. In the second place, the U.S. was still deeply isolationist at heart. When questioned by Stalin, Mr. Roosevelt frankly admitted that the longest period during which he could hope to keep American troops in Germany was two years. Thus the only kind of settlement which could be negotiated in February, 1945, was one which recognised the Soviet Union as far the most powerful State in Europe. Roosevelt saw this prospect with senile equanimity: Churchill with extreme trepidation. But both of them had to face the facts and agree on the basis of existing power relations.

There was no sell-out at Yalta and there was no Russian double-cross after the conference. What really happened was that Stalin at once drew the logical conclusions from Roosevelt's admission that America was still isolationist: he began to fill the power vacuum from the East. As a result, the Western Powers took fright, and four years later, in 1949, Nato was created in order to prevent the absorption of the whole of Germany, and hence of the whole of western Europe, into the eastern Bloc. By filling the power vacuum too fast and too crudely, the Soviet Union drove the U.S. out of its isolation and forced it to redress the European balance.

Ten years afterwards we are back at a point where the power relations are not so very different from those which existed when the Yalta conference began. The military lines dividing East and West are roughly the same. The American Army is back in western Europe: the Red Army still dominates eastern Europe. The main differences on the Western side are, first, that the Americans now have no intention of retreating into isolationism and, secondly, that they are seeking to redress the balance of power by building up German military strength. But these accessions of strength to the West have been more than offset on the other side. In 1945 the Soviet Union was on the point of economic collapse. Since then, for a decade its industrial productivity has been expanding by leaps and bounds. Moreover, the Kremlin has strengthened its hold on its European satellites, apart from Yugoslavia; has gained in China an ally of enormous potential value; and within three years will have achieved nuclear parity with the West. If the main reason for the attitude of Roosevelt and Churchill at Yalta was that they were negotiating from weakness, one may well ask whether the President and the Premier today would feel any stronger if they sat down once again to Three-Power talks with Mr. Krushchev.

I believe that it is the knowledge that the West would, in fact, negotiate from weakness—so successfully concealed from the British and American peoples—which makes the State Department and the Foreign Office averse to high-level talks. In terms of power politics (and how often have we not been told that power is the only language the Russians understand?) the Western Powers are in no position to demand any concessions from the Kremlin, far less to make good the assurances by which the Bundestag at Bonn has been persuaded to ratify the Paris Treaty. All the talk of integrating a united Germany into the Atlantic Alliance is bluff, and that bluff would at once be called if the high-level talks occurred.

There is a lesson here for the Labour Party. It is sheer irresponsibility to go on demanding high-level talks so long as it conveniently omits to consider the real basis for an East-West settlement. In Europe that must include either the continued partition of Germany, with all its dangers, or a return to the plans for neutralisation sponsored by Roosevelt and Churchill ten years ago. In the Far East it must involve the admission of Red China to the Security Council and the ending of Chiang Kai-shek's regime on Formosa. By demanding the fruits of victory without being able to wage war, Anglo-American policy has drifted into an impasse where it cannot negotiate a settlement without calling its own bluff. Looking back at the Yalta Agreement, we must congratulate the Western representatives on their realism. At least they did not submit their countries to unnecessary diplomatic defeats by boastfully putting forward completely impossible demands—and then being faced with the alternatives of world war or world appeasement.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Economics of Two Europes

WHEN we speak of America, we mean sometimes the entire American continent and at other times only the United States. This double usage occasionally leads to misunderstandings; but in most instances it is clear enough what is meant. The word "Europe" is coming, in our own day, to be used in a similar fashion. It means sometimes the whole continent, and at other times only that part of it which belongs to what United States publicists are pleased to call the "Free World." In this latter sense it excludes the Soviet Union and its European satellites, but includes Spain, Greece and Turkey and, on occasion nowadays, Yugoslavia and Finland. Germany it leaves partly in and partly out of "Europe"; and it assumes a close interdependence between this restricted "Europe" and the United States.

Many among us have grown so used to speaking of "Europe" in this second sense as to find it difficult to attach any practical meaning to any other: so that the phrase "a good European" has come to be taken readily as meaning a person who wishes to integrate one part of the continent under United States military protection while maintaining a sharp division from the other part—that beyond the "iron curtain." Such persons may accept the need for a limited amount of East-West trade; but they have ceased altogether to think of all Europe as presenting a common economic problem or as capable of seeking co-operative solutions any more in the economic than in the political field. Yet clearly the countries of both "Europes" are in fact face to face with many of the same problems, even if they are trying to solve them largely in different ways. It is valuable to be reminded of this from time to time by the excellent surveys issued by the United Nations Economic Commissions for Europe, over which Mr. Myrdal so competently presides. Here at any rate some attempt is made to discuss all Europe and to show what is happening economically in all its parts—though even E.C.E. has to a great extent to discuss and describe "East" and "West" separately, especially when it is dealing with such matters as the balance of payments and the relation between Europe and the United States.

In its latest Report*, E.C.E. is concerned not only with the events of last year but also with certain broader trends. In particular, the Report deals with ups and downs in western Europe since the outbreak of the Korean War and with the difficulties which have beset the planned economies of eastern Europe during the past few years. It shows the Western countries, in 1954, prospering much more than had been expected after their emergence from the crisis of prices which arose out of the Korean War; while in the Eastern group of countries there have been both serious difficulties connected with agriculture and shifts of policy in respect of the relative shares of heavy industries and light industries supplying consumers' goods. The Report was drawn up before the most recent changes in the "East" accompanying Mr. Malenkov's fall from power, and also before Mr. Butler had deemed it necessary, in Great Britain, to apply the brake to credit in face of the reappearance of the balance of payments problem. Its statistics go, in most cases, only up to last September, and it is more concerned to study what had been happening up to last autumn than to predict the future trends.

* *Economic Survey of Europe in 1954.* United Nations. Geneva and H.M.S.O. 17*s.* 6*d.*

But that does not diminish its value as a study of certain persistent problems—especially of some which affect the less developed countries and areas of both East and West.

To begin with, there is the problem presented by the very rapid rise of population in the less developed countries, where falling birth rates are much more than offset by rapidly falling death rates and especially rates of infant mortality. Between 1938 and 1953, the infant mortality rate fell by two-thirds in the Soviet Union, by more than half in Czechoslovakia and in Hungary, by about half in Rumania, by more than a third in Poland, and by nearly a third in Bulgaria. In all these countries there were many more mouths to be fed, and population advanced faster than manpower. With industrialisation proceeding fast, this has meant large intakes of rural workers into industries and service occupations; and industrial development has been swallowing up most of the funds available for investment: so that agriculture has been starved of capital and yet called upon to increase its output at a high rate—which it has, naturally, failed on the whole to do. The difficulties of agriculture were, of course, complicated by the drive in the satellite countries towards collective farming, which had to be slowed down—and indeed partly reversed—in face of peasant hostility. At the same time, industrial targets in these countries had to be revised downwards; and attempts to increase supplies of consumers' goods came up against unexpectedly great difficulties in the way of shifting resources from heavy to light production. Although the output of consumers' goods was slowly increasing, standards of consumption, both of foodstuffs and of other goods, remained low, and the costs of producing such goods high, because priority in investment and material supplies was given mainly to the heavy industries.

These conditions applied in part to the Soviet Union itself as well as to its satellites; and the great Siberian ploughing-up campaign, designed to yield a large increase in cereal output, ran speedily into serious difficulties. On the other hand, there was in the Soviet Union no reversion to individual peasant farming. What has taken place is a rapid extension of the cultivated area, which has allowed total output to rise without any improvement in average yields. Indeed, the attempt to get better yields has been relaxed in favour of more extensive cultivation, which is deemed likely to give speedier results in greater total production.

The Eastern countries are thus by no means without their difficulties—many of which are shared by the less developed countries of the West. As against this, the more advanced countries of the West have met with considerable success in raising their agricultural outputs and thus reducing their dependence on imported supplies. Industrially, too, these countries have become considerably less dependent on dollar supplies—which was probably the chief reason why the American recession of 1953 hit them a good deal less hard than had been expected. The textile recession of 1952-3 was serious while it lasted: the recession in the metal and engineering trades which followed it was never deep and was made good in 1954 by the big expansion in the demand for durable consumers' goods—especially motor vehicles. What lagged behind was industrial investment: high profits were taken out to a substantial extent in increased consumption. This made the Western recovery of 1954 precarious, as can be seen more clearly now than it could be when the E.C.E. Report was being compiled. Of course, heavy spending on armaments helped to maintain economic activity; but the conclusion of the Report is that the proportion of resources in the relevant industries devoted to armaments remained fairly stable after the sharp increases which immediately followed the Korean War.

All this amounts to saying that the economic division of Europe, and of most of the world, into non-co-operating blocs of countries has not, so far, plunged Western Europe into a disastrous crisis—which Communists have been predicting for years past. Nor has it even brought about serious recession in the West, despite the failure of the American economy to sustain its rapid advance. What it has involved is that much too little has been done to apply the productive capacity of the wealthier countries to the development of the poorer, or even to the advancement of their own more backward regions. Apart from military aid and from oil developments in the Middle East, the United States has held back from large-scale foreign investment; and the other advanced countries have been too much occupied with the problem of balancing their own accounts to make any significant contribution to the development of the backward areas. As long as the immense spending on armaments continues, it is futile to expect any serious attempt to wage the much-needed world "war on want." But it has also to be borne in mind that, even if the armaments race were to be ended, or slowed down, the result would more probably be depression than more "mutual aid" unless there were at the same time a real relaxation of political tensions. Meanwhile Europe—both Europes—have continued so far to manage without disaster; and the gloomy forecasts made in E.C.E.'s Report for 1953 have not yet been fulfilled. It has been, however, a case rather of carrying on than of seeing clear daylight ahead.

G. D. H. Cole

London Diary

Will the National Executive of the Labour Party be guilty of a breach of parliamentary privilege if, in the end, it does decide to expel Mr. Bevan? The question is an exceedingly obscure one. If he ceases to be a member of the Labour Party, he automatically loses the small financial grant which he, like all the miners' M.P.s, receives from the N.U.M. Since his expulsion would follow from an offence against the Parliamentary Labour Party, involving only his parliamentary conduct, it can be argued that expulsion would embroil both the National Executive and the N.U.M. in the charge of attempting to use financial pressure to influence an M.P. in the course of his parliamentary conduct. Nevertheless, the suggestion that Mr. Bevan has raised this issue in an attempt to blackmail the National Executive is an outrageous one. Mr. Bevan found out at the beginning of the week that a number of Members, not all on the Labour side, were investigating this point of privilege; and, with complete propriety, he warned Mr. Attlee that the matter was bound to be raised, if only from the Tory benches, should Wednesday's Executive meeting end in expulsion. At the time of the W. J. Brown case in 1947, the Committee of Privileges enunciated the principle that "Parliament must be jealous to see that [financial arrangements with outside bodies] are not allowed by Members, or used by outside bodies, to influence Members in their course of conduct." Few will quarrel with that, though there may well be arguments about the particular circumstances in which it applies. My own feeling is that all these outside subventions are undesirable and no longer necessary.

Can the official Labour Party manage to impose an effective veto on the Gravesend by-election? This is what it certainly would like to do, both because it has been tactically caught bending and because it doesn't want the public to know just how much Labour supporters are divided over the H-bomb. But the matter will quite likely be taken out of official hands. Opening his campaign last Monday, Dick Acland said: "I think I have the right to ask one of my friends in the Commons to move the writ to start a by-election going." So he certainly has. By a convention convenient to both parties, the writ is normally moved by the Whips of the party which has previously held a seat, and is granted without division. But it can be moved by any Member and it can be voted on. Who, then, are the friends who might oblige Dick Acland? Not, I think, Mr. Bevan, who has no particular sympathy with Acland's views on the H-bomb or with his quixotic method of airing them. It may not, indeed, be easy to find people who have sympathy with Acland's views and the daring to commit an act of serious and punishable party indiscipline. The best bet might be Tom Driberg. At all times a courageous parliamentarian, he shares Acland's theological view of the H-bomb. Moreover he may well feel that he now has little to lose, since he is not offering himself for re-election after this Parliament.

* * *

The death of Michael Karolyi last week stirs memories from the heroic age of Socialism—with Utopia just around the corner. History will remember him as the man who ended Hungary's long connection with the Habsburgs; and newspaper readers as "the Red Count" who distributed his lands among the peasants as a disregarded example to others. In 1918, he accepted Wilsonian principles at their face-value; and was the first statesman in central Europe (though by no means the last) to pay a bitter penalty for trusting to the liberal ideals of the Western Powers. When the Allies insisted on dismembering Hungary, Karolyi stepped aside and let power fall into the hands of the Communists. The restored reactionaries of Hungary hated Karolyi, the traitor to his class, even more than they hated the Communists. And he spent 27 years in exile, a tireless supporter of every radical cause. He was never a Communist. But in the years after 1945, he hoped that Communist control of eastern Europe would at last create the Danubian confederation which he had always advocated. Again he was disappointed; and, finding a lie (which he could himself check) in the evidence given against Rajk, went once more into exile. Few men have held so steadfastly to principles despite betrayals—or have paid so extravagant a price for them.

* * *

I suppose the main reason why the unsatisfactory state of the mental deficiency laws so seldom gets attention in the House of Commons is that the Board of Control is not answerable to Parliament. Most M.P.s know in their own constituencies that people who need not be in institutions are there just because they are willing to do the domestic chores for a few shillings a week or an extra ounce of tobacco. A year or so ago the Minister of Health gave the Commons some alarmingly tell-tale figures: a patient in a general hospital costs £15 4*s*. 9*d*. a week, in an isolation hospital £13 5*s*. 7*d*., in a T.B. hospital £9 19*s*. 5*d*.—and in a mental hospital £4 4*s*. 4*d*. Since about half the people in mental hospitals are imbeciles or idiots, and a large proportion of these are bedridden, the labour needs of such a place must be exceptionally high. But it is all managed on £4 4*s*. 4*d*. a week. How? I know it is claimed that the chores have a "therapeutic value," or, in

A King's Ransom for the KIDNAPPERS

There's a price on their heads. It runs into millions. It will be paid in more than half a hundred currencies. The two small boys who play the leading roles in THE KIDNAPPERS are capturing the hearts of cinemagoers everywhere.

'BOX-OFFICE GEM'

A TALE of a Nova Scotia settlement during the early days of the century, THE KIDNAPPERS has an immediate appeal for the Canadian market. That means important dollar earnings. And it is being given a good showing in Canada helped by the Odeon circuit there —built up by the Rank Organisation to more than 100 theatres within seven years.

In Toronto THE KIDNAPPERS ran for 15 weeks, in Ottawa, for 17. In Vancouver province it created an all-time record—159 days against the normal playing time of 42 days.

Reports from Canada say that the film was 'the box-office gem of 1954 and is continuing to be the same thing in 1955'.

PAID IN DOLLARS

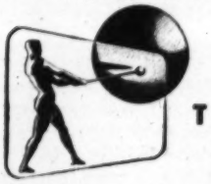
IN THE United States THE KIDNAPPERS appeared on 'ten best films of 1954' lists in New York's *Times, Herald Tribune, Post, World Telegram and Sun*, as well as in *Time* magazine. America's National Board of Review of Motion Pictures placed it fourth in its list of the ten best foreign films.

Yet this enchanting and highly successful film was created by a small cast of actors, an unassuming story, and the simplest of settings.

THE CHOICE IS THEIRS

THE pattern which the Rank Group has laid down for film exhibition in Canada is repeated throughout the Commonwealth: but nowhere are there hard and fast rules as to the films shown. The final choice is always with the country concerned.

That the British can make good films is proved by past and present successes in all parts of the world. But the making of films is only one aspect of a vast industry. Success in distributing and exhibiting them world-wide is clear from the fact that last year 50% of the Rank Organisation's film earnings came from abroad.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

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Nothing Secret

O what a tangled web we weave
When we attempt to undeceive,
What complications set in train
By making hidden counsels plain!
As witness, when for conscience' sake,
The States top-level silence break,
Their well-intentioned candour brings
A lamentable state of things.
High-minded Senators again,
All; all, most honourable men,
Who Yalta papers have released
To smear the President, deceased,
To take the world behind the scenes
And spill the diplomatic beans,
Must see, though motives may be pure,
Truth-telling can be premature.
When they debunk for all to see,
The policies of the Big Three,
And show by what a shabby truce
Three-part agreement they produce,
While making clandestine attacks
Aside, behind each other's backs,
The lesser Powers all take the hint
And rush their archives into print.
The Foreign Office, wisely mute,
Will be obliged to follow suit,
Its guarded records to unseal,
And, though reluctantly, reveal
The diplomatic master-stroke
(If not the after-dinner joke).
The Kremlin, sure to take its cue,
Will propagate the Soviet view,
And be it noted, in advance,
Ex-Premier, M. Mendès-France,
The love of truth his only aim,
His mite of fuel adds to the flame.
The splendid frankness of the States
Each foe, each ally emulates,
The chain reaction once begun
Through every Chancellery will run,
Exposing stratagems and plots,
(How black the kettles! cry the pots)
All, catching the contagious urge,
Their bosoms by confession purge,
Till, when the burst of candour ends,
They find they have lost all their friends.

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A Scientist in China

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As the 'plane comes over the last stretches of the Gobi Desert and passes the end of the new railway, the outworks of China come into view—forts, old cities behind crumbling earth walls. Yet nothing prepares one for the last few minutes, eroded hills piling one on another, the sudden appearance of the Great Wall itself, winding like a snake among them. Then, over the last ridge, the plain stretching to the horizon, green and inviting. There, in the middle, lies Peking, rectangular, box within box around the Forbidden City and the golden roofs of the Palace beside the waters of the Pei Hai lake. All this is as it has been for centuries; but now beside it, outside the walls, a new city of great buildings, Ministries, colleges and factories, already covering an area almost as large as the old, is rising over scarred earth in a forest of scaffolding.

The new and the old of China are welded together from the very first impression, and what one can learn afterwards only reinforces this and makes it intelligible. I was especially fortunate in my two months in China in that coming on my own, at the invitation of the Academia Sinica, I did not have to try to absorb a general impression in too short a time, but was able to concentrate on things I knew something about, and to meet largely people with whom I had, as a scientist, already much in common. This side, the scientific, technical and economic side of the new China should be of great concern to all the rest of the world, for it is in those aspects that—barring war—the China of the next decades will come most directly in contact with other nations.

I visited some sixty institutions, mostly universities and research laboratories, but also factories and works. I discussed science, history and politics and many other things with hundreds of scientists, engineers and administrators, and gave about thirty scientific lectures, some highly technical, some popular. Because I had to concentrate on the major scientific and industrial centres I kept rather closely to Peking and Eastern China, and had to forgo the pioneering West.

My general impression was that, here in China, the transformation of civilisation, the grafting of the new scientific culture on the old stock of literary tradition, had already been achieved smoothly and in an incredibly short time. The growing and the flowering will not have long to wait. In art and culture they are already in full evidence; in industry and agriculture they will be there within a generation. I found everywhere the sense of liberation and self-reliance which inspires the great planned enterprise of raising the standards of production up to those of the most advanced countries.

The Chinese intellectuals had indeed taken a large part in the liberation struggle, and its first expression was in the universities. Now, with far better conditions than they ever before enjoyed, and with a sense of unlimited opportunities, I found all the scientists I met, including many who had only recently returned from Britain or America, working with interest and enthusiasm. This attitude is not limited to intellectuals but extends to businessmen. Most of these had quite enough of the rapacity and corruption of the Kuomintang regime. They are willing to co-operate with a Government which, though Socialist, assures them security and a reasonable profit. Many are among the staunchest supporters of the

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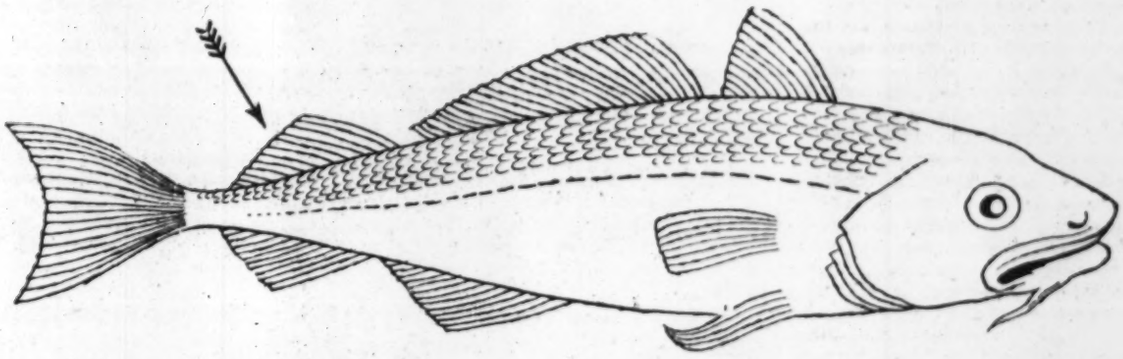

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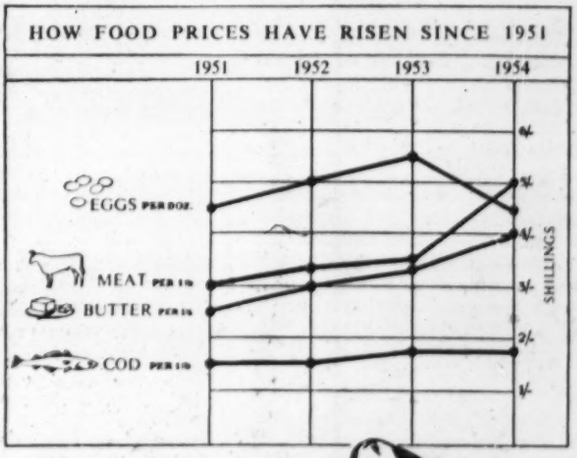
Naturally, in the worst winter months when fishing is extremely difficult and catches are low, prices go up. But in summer, when fishing is easier and catches larger, they go down. However, fresh frozen cod fillets from peak catches are now available throughout the year at low prices.

Today Britain is no longer an island built on coal and surrounded by fish. The modern trawler, costs £200,000, is oil-fired and travels thousands of miles to find the fish. Last year the Distant Water trawlers brought in even more fish than in 1953 to keep pace with Britain's needs. It doesn't matter where you live in Britain, you can get fresh fish every day of the week. And thanks to the British Fishing Industry you enjoy a wider choice of fresh, good-quality fish at a lower price than anywhere else in the world.



BRITISH TRAWLERS

Hull / Grimsby / Fleetwood

THE BRITISH TRAWLER FEDERATION

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What complications set in train
By making hidden counsels plain!
As witness, when for conscience' sake,
The States top-level silence break,
Their well-intentioned candour brings
A lamentable state of things.
High-minded Senators again,
All, all, most honourable men,
Who Yalta papers have released
To smear the President, deceased,
To take the world behind the scenes
And spill the diplomatic beans,
Must see, though motives may be pure,
Truth-telling can be premature.
When they debunk for all to see,
The policies of the Big Three,
And show by what a shabby truce
Three-part agreement they produce,
While making clandestine attacks
Aside, behind each other's backs,
The lesser Powers all take the hint
And rush their archives into print.
The Foreign Office, wisely mute,
Will be obliged to follow suit,
Its guarded records to unseal,
And, though reluctantly, reveal
The diplomatic master-stroke
(If not the after-dinner joke).
The Kremlin, sure to take its cue,
Will propagate the Soviet view,
And be it noted, in advance,
Ex-Premier, M. Mendès-France,
The love of truth his only aim,
His mite of fuel adds to the flame.
The splendid frankness of the States
Each foe, each ally emulates,
The chain reaction once begun
Through every Chancellery will run,
Exposing stratagems and plots,
(How black the kettles! cry the pots)
All, catching the contagious urge,
Their bosoms by confession purge,
Till, when the burst of candour ends,
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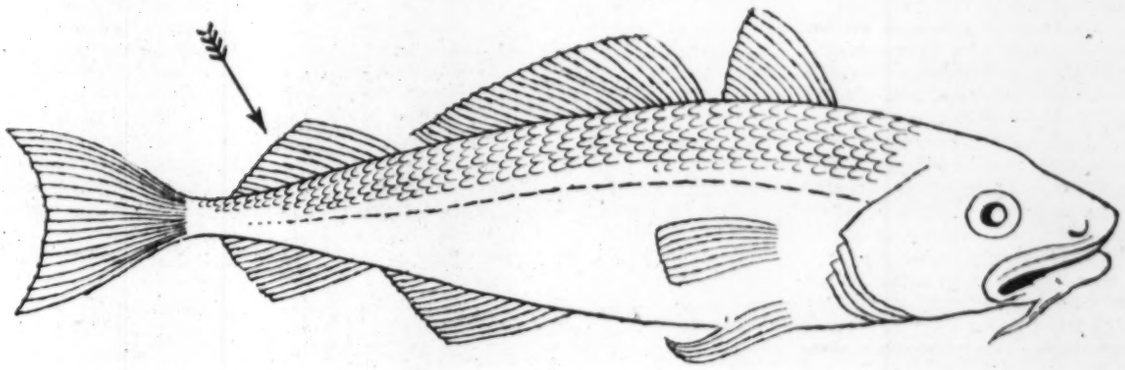

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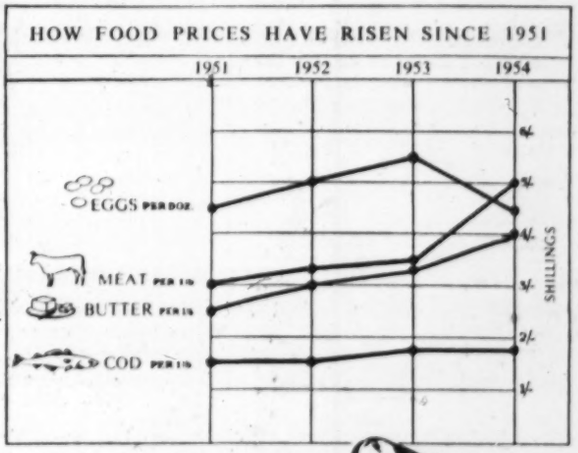
3. The dock wholesaler and your fishmonger add a reasonable profit in order to earn a living. Result – best cod fillet at 1/6d. to 1/9d. a lb.

Naturally, in the worst winter months when fishing is extremely difficult and catches are low, prices go up. But in summer, when fishing is easier and catches larger, they go down. However, fresh frozen cod fillets from peak catches are now available throughout the year at low prices.

Today Britain is no longer an island built on coal and surrounded by fish. The modern trawler, costs £200,000, is oil-fired and travels thousands of miles to find the fish. Last year the Distant Water trawlers brought in even more fish than in 1953 to keep pace with Britain's needs. It doesn't matter where you live in Britain, you can get fresh fish every day of the week. And thanks to the British Fishing Industry you enjoy a wider choice of fresh, good-quality fish at a lower price than anywhere else in the world.



BRITISH TRAWLERS

Hull / Grimsby / Fleetwood

THE BRITISH TRAWLER FEDERATION

new Government. I met, for instance, at the Academy of Sciences, Hou Te Pan, a chemical manufacturer who owns several big factories, one of which, a synthetic nitrogen plant near Nanking, I subsequently visited. The support of all classes is indeed a necessary condition for an effective transformation, but by itself is not enough. The technical problems involved in the rapid change-over from a peasant economy to a modern industrial one are formidable. In solving them great demands are made on science and education.

The lessons learned in a generation in the U.S.S.R. have been applied in China where, though they have much further to go, they can move more quickly as the way has been charted for them. What is happening in China today is, moreover, something more than an application of Soviet experience to a new country, it is also affected by the strength and distinctive character of the old Chinese civilisation. In this, however, there is now no conflict. The bearers of Anglo-American culture in China, the businessmen, missionaries and educators, conscious of their own superiority, had sought to supersede the old culture or at best to preserve it as a quaint survival with no contact with the real business of life. Now, on the contrary, the whole weight of Marxist theory and Soviet experience is in favour of the organic growth of a full national culture, drawing on the wisdom of the past.

This shows itself in the care, not so much to preserve the relics of the past in literature, art and architecture (which is certainly being done on a scale that puts us to shame) so much as to make them alive again, encouraging the people to look back to the best of their past and giving to all the enjoyment of its beauty, which had been reserved for princes and scholars. The establishment of theatres in towns, villages and even construction sites, showing classical plays to crowded audiences, the publication of tens of millions of beautifully illustrated books of old Chinese legends, the throwing open of all the palaces and temples for all to enjoy and respect, are all proof of how the old China lives in the new. And this is not only a matter of history and art. In China, especially, morality and good administration had been inextricably connected for thousands of years. The best of the traditions of the old China, the insistence on sincerity, loyalty and mutual aid as civic virtues, are being revived in the new setting.

The greatest revolution in China has been the moral one. The most enduring impression of a visitor to China is the experience of living among a happy and hopeful people. And they are a people most willing and anxious to learn. In the universities and research laboratories there was a sense of the excitement of knowledge and the eagerness to improve and correct. At first I found the universal demand for criticism embarrassing, another example of Chinese politeness, but I realised in time that it was most sincerely meant. Criticisms were carefully noted and sometimes even acted on while I was still there. I felt they had acquired enough self-confidence, from what they had done already, to take the most wounding criticism, and saw clearly the enormous advantages that could come from being willing to change and correct their ways of doing things.

In general attitudes towards society and individuals, the reaction to the unbalanced and ultimately ruinous self-seeking of colonial and Kuomintang days is complete. Mutual help, with the consciousness that individual happiness can only come from the good of the whole people, is a lesson that has been learned the hard way. Now people are beginning to enjoy its benefits. This is very evident in the field of science. The comparative neglect of self-advancement without loss of responsibility is not so difficult to accept in a country where there are far more opportunities and positions than there are people to take them.

One difficulty which affects the whole intellectual field is the language and the script with characters for sense instead of sound. These historic characters have been for over three thousand years the means of unifying the people of China. But they were reserved, very largely, for an exclusive and leisured mandarin class. Their complexity is such that mere literacy requires an enormous strain and waste of time for workers, while the characters themselves are most ill-adapted to modern science and technology. On the other hand, the tones and the variations of the spoken language limit the values of any alphabetic roman script. Besides, its adoption would cut the people off from the whole literature of the past. This problem is being faced, and what is envisaged as its solution is a planned and well phased transition to a carefully chosen simplified script, but only after most significant literature has been translated into it. Whatever is done, there is to be no sacrifice of the specifically Chinese nature of the new culture. Already all science teaching in the universities as well as the schools is in Chinese. This, if it creates immediate difficulties in translating textbooks and journals, will in the end be an advantage in opening science to the whole of the people and not only to foreign-trained scholars.

The advantages of all these changes in the intellectual sphere will not be confined to China. From now on and to an increasing degree in the future China will contribute to the world stock of knowledge. Here and now, however, that contribution is mostly in the field of social experience. In the natural sciences and in technology the immediate tasks are those of assimilating existing knowledge and technique and using it in the building up of the economy.

J. D. BERNAL

In Memory of Olive Schreiner

(Born 24 March, 1855)

ABOVE the place where Cronwright-Schreiner laid the body of his wife, whom he had possibly loved but scarcely understood, he caused the building of a rough-stone rocky mound. It is blunt, uncompromising, blended to the violent rubble and the sunlight of the wide Karroo; and for all these reasons—and for others, too, such as that she had wanted to lie here—it is the right kind of monument to Olive Schreiner. She was blunt, uncompromising, socially inconvenient; and her memory in this land of paralysed conformities still has the same embarrassed note.

She was absolutely a South African. She was born of missionary parents who had come out from London in that same year of 1838 when Piet Retief and his fellow Boers shook off the English government and trekked northward into the empty lands beyond the Orange River. These parents were a German Lutheran pastor and an English mother who also had a useful dash of Jewish blood; and they gave Olive both the spirit of persistence and the spirit of inquiry. These would combine into the spirit of revolt.

She was lucky to survive her infancy. Her Christian names were those of three babies who had died soon after birth; and she herself was never robust. Yet she made powerful progress against herself. At 20, while living as a governess on a Karroo farm, she began to write the book by which she is most remembered, *The Story of an African Farm*, and made up her mind to get herself somehow to England. Much happened to her, and little was wasted. She was generally at odds with the things and people round her, sure of her talent, but not yet sure how to realise it. She went through a violently unhappy love affair with a dull youth who must have felt that he had a tiger by the tail; he ran for the Transvaal. She let him go, bitterly indignant; and then, to turn her mind to other things, she was overtaken by the last of the Kaffir wars. Ox carts took her across that burning country. At last, in 1881, she escaped to England.

In England she meant to become a doctor but failed through ill health. While her brother Will supported her, she set about finding a publisher for her book. Macmillan and two others turned it down. Then Chapman & Hall—evidently through George Meredith, their reader—took it and published it in 1883, and it sold so well that two reprintings quickly followed. Somewhat bewildered, she became successful and sought after. For a while she was well off.

London was good for her. Fruitful associations crowded in on her in the shape of Havelock Ellis, Edward Carpenter, and even Eleanor Marx and her huband Aveling. Carpenter wrote at this time of her "fire and sweetness, intense love of beauty, and fierce rebellion against the things that be, passion and pity and the pride of Lucifer combined." They were all somewhat exalted with each other, and possibly they were all a little in love. She and Ellis long held together, at any rate, and she came to share his opinions on love and the sexual relations of men and women; but whether these views were ever fulfilled is anyone's guess. Perhaps they were not.

That is in any case a small matter. She went back to South Africa maturely ready to draw conclusions, and when she found that Rhodes—who had come up to see her at her place in the Cape Province and had greatly impressed her with his warmth and energy—was ready to pass a Bill empowering Europeans to whip their servants (this in the traditionally "liberal" Cape, remember, and not in the Boer Republics), she cast him out of her life. Thereafter she married Cronwright and was possibly as happy with him as she could have been, in the long run, with anyone, which was sometimes a great deal and often enough not at all.

But she took bold decisions, even though the price might be high. The price was high. Her only child died the day after it was born. Her own health began to run downhill. Her thoughts on South Africa drove her to examine the roots and origins of those evils of fear and hatred from which South Africa and Rhodesia already suffered in abundance. She published her findings in articles, pamphlets, stories against racial persecution, bigotry, blind ignorance; and was not in the least deterred when her fellow countrymen, who found they had cherished a tame literary lion only to have it turn into a marauding critic, turned against her. And when Rhodes provoked the bloody massacres of the Matabele war, she crowned her protest with a novel called *Trooper Peter Halket*, and thereby declared war on all those who governed South Africa then or have governed South Africa since.

Not that you would ever know it from the careful praises of those whom she despised. All that side of Olive Schreiner's life and work is decently obscured, nowadays, in the interests of White civilisation and handsome profits. Yet the best and truest epitaph on this admirable and

"Daddy, why does the wind whistle?"

Because the branches, the twigs and the telegraph wires, you tell her, set the air vibrating as it passes by. And her ears hear these vibrations as the whistling of the wind.

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greatly talented woman comes from one of her own letters: "That for which we labour . . . is a South Africa, not mighty in wealth nor in numbers, but great in freedom . . . which gives every man and woman in the land, irrespective of race or sex, or speech or colour, the largest amount of liberty and justice accorded to men and women anywhere." It would please her now, if she could know it, that this generous spirit of revolt is strongly alive today, not in the rich and powerful but in thousands and tens of thousands of poverty-ridden Africans. For the inconvenient truth about Olive Schreiner is that she would certainly be numbered, were she alive now, among those in South Africa who protest against cowardice and evil and who suffer, as she suffered, for what is right and decent.

BASIL DAVIDSON

A Lean Harvest

THE village is depressed. For three years the fishing has been bad. The herring have been scarce in the Clyde estuary and we are primarily a fishing village. In the old days most of the men got their living this way: maybe a hundred and fifty men and boys in half-decked sailing boats with a crew of four or five. From time to time there would be disasters; a home would be left without husband or sons—the boat herself uninsured. But that was God's will.

Then the skipper owners began to install auxiliary engines. By the 1914 war all the boats were engined, between forty and fifty feet long, fully decked, with a crew of five and a fairly high catching power. Winches for the net took away some of the heaviest labour from the crew, and meant that they could manage more shots in a night. Now most of the boats have powerful engines, are over fifty feet, have radio equipment and echo sounders, and are insured at a premium of about £300 a year; that is, some 5 per cent. of their value. They carry a crew of six; but there are only five pairs of them now in the village.

That means sixty men employed. What happened to the rest? Some are with the Forestry Commission, which bought most of the old estate and has gradually acquired more land as it became available. There are a few other jobs going, between agriculture, small local businesses and the tourist industry, though that is seasonal and, in fact, employs mostly women and girls. But two families have recently moved down to the steel works at Corby. Another is going to Australia. They don't want to go, but the depopulation of the Highlands continues almost as of old. They'd like to be fishing. The boys at school paint fishing boats and are for ever at their fathers and uncles to take them out with the boats. It's only when they're old enough to see the cash side of it that they turn to something else—which usually means going away.

The few modern boats catch as many herring as all the older types, but an increasing proportion of the catch goes for fish meal. People don't seem to like herrings for their breakfast, so the herrings have, rather wastefully, to be turned into hens' food. Eggs are still eaten! People don't like kippers either—not until they meet Campbeltown kippers when they stay with me! Part of the fault here is that kippers don't keep indefinitely, any more than fresh fish. But most fishmongers put kippers into a frig., take them out during the day and, if they aren't sold, put them back, and so on. A well-smoked kipper lasts longer, but it is only too easy for dye, harmless in itself, to be used to disguise poor smoking. Yet in the long run all lose by bad kippering.

At freshing and kippering prices a man can just get by at the fishing, even in a poor season. At fish-meal prices he can't, even though those prices are still subsidised. The boat's receipts are divided up, week by week, one share for each fisherman, four for the boat. As part-owner of a boat I get my divide, one and a third of a working share, in grimy, purplish Clyde Bank notes, shillings and pennies. It may be nothing; it may be £10 or more. But what's the good? Back it has to go into insurance, engine repair, replacement of nets, hire of radio equipment, paper for echo sounders. The share fishermen have averaged around £200 a year for several years. Possible for a single man, but it means running steadily into debt for anyone with a family. But some of them stick on, hoping for the herring to come back, as in the past.

Up till recently expert opinion was that herring could not be over-fished. Nothing that humans could do would more than touch the edges of a great shoal, nor would it compare with the damage from natural enemies and parasites. Now they are less sure. It looks as if the herring on the southern edge of the North Sea were being over-fished by the German and Dutch boats. In the old days, too, boats worked quietly, the engines barely turning over while the crew hunted with feeling wire or knocking mallet. Now they locate with the echo sounder and rush full speed over the shoals. It may be that the herring are more sensitive than we think. "Wise fish," say the fishermen; "aye, aye, wise altogether," and talk endlessly about their ways.

When share fishermen do badly, skipper owners do worse, especially if their boats were partly bought on a recent grant and loan from the Herring Board. My own share of our boat was paid (since, naturally, the loan and grant is only for fishermen), but my skipper and fellow owner has to try to meet loan charges and repayment. It has turned his black hair grey. Sometimes he shows me a "thrown" letter from the Herring Board, and I try to explain that they aren't being nasty on purpose, to him as a person. They, in turn, are harassed by the Treasury. Nor did all skippers really try to repay in the good years, since a Government Agency is always "They" and comes last. But the honest (or, being in the Highlands, should one say those who make big, spasmodic attempts at honesty, which is not the most glamorous of the virtues, as compared, say, with courage or generosity?) suffer for the faults of the dishonest; and the Herring Board's attempts to get its money may break the very boats it helped to launch.

Some boats, including my own, turn to the white fishing as an alternative, though men who have been all their lives at one kind of fishing are very reluctant to turn to another. It would help us a great deal to have a small harbour; it is an extra charge on the boats to be in a harbour fifteen or twenty-five miles away, with bus-hire to get them there and no possibility of the crew getting home if there is a night of bad weather. If we had a harbour, some people might run small lobster boats, do local line fishing, and take out summer visitors. The fishermen started asking for a harbour at the end of last century. When I became County Councillor I was immediately involved. But it was turned down for one reason and another. A modified small scheme, which may not be completely adequate in all weathers, has now been passed by the Treasury; for the same amount, or less, a really good harbour could have been built ten years ago.

Still, we hope the harbour will start this year. That will mean immediate work for some of our people and help to pay off rent arrears. But after that, what?

NAOMI MITCHISON

Inward Bound

BELTRAN tried to look the other way, and failed. "All done by mirrors," he announced, not expecting to be believed.

"Or by kindness," said Tearlach who was busy remembering the circuses and music-halls of his youth. "Allez-houp!"

The bar was almost entirely of mirror—walls, shelves, ceiling—and that may possibly explain why the illusion arose. . . . Why the barman should seem to have two heads. Why one of his hands should put the clock back and the other move it forward according, always, to the point of view. Why there should issue, from each of his mouths at once, a semblance of propositions and arguments that drummed painfully on the middle ear—of any customer, that is, who imagined he had come to the bar for refreshment and pleasure, a little of each, no more than his due. Why he should seem so large, too large, both of him.

"Can we really be expected to enjoy our drinking in this—what's the word these days?—this ambience?" said Beltran.

"Semantically . . ." began Tearlach in reply, but the other interrupted him.

"Are the bags packed?"

"We have no bags," said Tearlach. "We pawned them for wine or pistols or something. Remember?"

"I only ask because Mr. Féodor Aligoté, poet, of Paris, France, says that now, just now, is a time when all we can do, we citizens, we of this superfluous continent, is to have our bags ready and packed. There is nothing else at all to do."

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"But how unbracing to fidget on the Departure Platform, waiting and waiting for the train. Myself, I think I will not do it. There is always grime and old newspapers on Departure Platforms, and no skylarking whatsoever."

"Ah but!—but Féodor Aligoté says there we *are* on the Platform—here and now, willy and nilly. Also, the Station gates are locked, he says, in a poem of sumptuous imagery and arid conclusions."

"If there is a derailment or if some humorist among the signalmen switches the points, the train may never arrive."

"The staff are very, very efficient, as you well know. Efficient and exceedingly dedicated to the task in hand."

"But we can't just *wait* here and do nothing. Why don't we run up the line, waving a flag and shouting Stop! Stop! at the top of our voices?"

"The line is electrified. Shouting at the top of our voices is not among our characteristics."

"Or visit the signal-boxes to try to demoralise the signalmen?"

"Demoralise?"

"Well . . . distract, then. Divert."

"Have you ever met one of these out-and-out signalmen, Tearlach?"

"No."

"I thought not."

"The future!" groaned Tearlach, and kicked the table-leg. "Oh lord—what a lethal bran-tub!"

"It *may* be all right on the night. But on the other hand you may find yourself stuck with germs or holy poverty or the defection of friends—even before the train arrives."

"The future's the only weapon God has ever had and will ever need," cried Tearlach, and kicked the table again, hard.

Beltran stared down at his companion's dented shoe. "What an ugly thing the foot is. I have yet to encounter an æsthetically satisfying foot. Our poets, even our prettiest, can find nothing better than snails and little mice to compare feet with. Though the uxorious Patmore—did you know?—once referred to the soles as "tingling and *sweet*." Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore. Life is endlessly surprising, is it not?"

"Yet it is inexpedient to let life surprise one *too* much," said Tearlach, recovering his spirits a little. "Incessant capacity for surprise is all very well in children and poets. But it is hardly *enjoyable* to be a child or a poet longer than is absolutely necessary. Neither to oneself nor to one's near ones and dear ones."

"You may be right. I know of good people who were never once surprised from cradle to grave. Norman Douglas, for example."

"And quite probably Newton?"

"And Saint-Simon, the earlier Saint-Simon. And J. S. Bach."

"But also, at the same time, Julius Caesar and, for a certainty, that atrocious Visigoth, Bismarck."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the barman with now a single voice—which was at once wheedling, abusive, nervous, and very, very loud. "But it seems to me that you do not care for what I have in my bottles here. You hold a bottle up to the light, and smell the cork, and regard the label with the acuteness of philatelists, and carry catalogues from the various wine-merchants around in your pockets—but you do not drink. You discuss. And may I remind you that, in some circles, the discussing of a bottle means something quite other? I really must ask you to make up your minds."

"You are entirely right, barman," shouted Tearlach, "even though blankness does well up from the roots of your eyes, even though the whites of your eyes are of talc and the pupils of chinagraph. You are right. We really must get cracking."

"Come," said Beltran. "Come quickly, Tearlach! I have a plan."

The pair went from the buffet, out through the swing-doors and on to the platform which was dense with citizens, none of whom had any finger-nails left to bite. Some of the citizens intoned formulæ of church or of laboratory; some sharpened knives while some made bucklers, or targets, out of shiny brown paper; some whiled away the time of waiting by distributing feverish handbills marked "Business As Usual"; others shouted without cease "Down With This" or "Down With Those"; some turned and turned the pages of illustrated magazines and some read between the lines of hebdomadaires. All carried two phials: one of sleeping-tablets, one of chlorophyll tablets.

"Gangway!" whispered Beltran. "Gangway for a couple of sleepwalkers!" And with Tearlach at his heels he was able to find a way through the seeming solidarity of the citizens until at last they reached a padlocked doorway entitled "Point Of No Return."

"How did you do it?" asked Tearlach as they came out from the Station into the countryside, quiet under the moon.

"Simple," said Beltran. "By an effort of will. By denying an absolute of significance to, quote, historical precedent, unquote. By reneging on Dread, that sweaty saltimbanco. By fooling myself that not everyone, everywhere, from the Elbe eastwards, ever eastwards as far as Nantucket Sound, is a criminal lunatic. By refusing to tender my resignation."

"Well, it's got us *thus* far—there's no denying. But where now?"

"Here's our motor-car. I propose we drive on. But not with the idea of getting somewhere at top speed, of arriving at Point B at 06.35 hrs precisely. And don't, for heaven's sake don't just follow the tramlines, whatever you do. Just steer by the moon—and tack."

"Tack?"

"Take the first turning on the left, then the first on the right, then left again, then right . . . and so on and so on. It's as good a way as any, though we say it ourselves as shouldn't."

Tearlach took the wheel and they rolled.

"Drive on, Tearlach, dear boy!" cried Beltran encouragingly, "turning this way then that without fear or favour. Impartial, thus and thus, we can never stand accused of Adam's sin, the misuse of free will. This way we cannot possibly be riding for another fall. Surely God has enough sense to realise that."

"But I had better sound my klaxon at the corners, I think, just in case," said Tearlach, his eyes alert for booby-traps on the tarmacadam ahead. "Do you know what this reminds me of?"

"Yes," said Beltran. "The British Parliamentary System."

"Quite so," said Tearlach, and began to whistle (for to whistle in the dark *is* one of our characteristics) the ditty called "Oh Tearlach is my darling."

VERNON JOHNSON

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Elder Brother

THE Prime Minister of Burma once described Karl Marx as having "very limited knowledge" which was not "equivalent to one-tenth of a particle of dust beneath the feet of Lord Buddha." But U Nu who, as leader of a students' strike, was imprisoned for burning the Union Jack outside the Law Courts in Rangoon, would not deny the truth of Marxism. Though he does not believe that it is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he would admit that Marxist ideas prevailed among the leaders of Burma's national movement. But he would make a sharp distinction between the majority of people, who, like himself, wanted independence to build a Leftish Burma based on Burmese traditions, and the Communists, who wanted independence to imitate the Soviet model. In recent years, the Prime Minister has given less and less publicity to the materialist Karl Marx. A shrewd, as well as an intuitive politician, traditionalist and modernist as well as devoutly Buddhist, he has given to his country's political life a character which is peculiarly Burmese.

Recently, U Nu visited Mount Popa. The 14th Army, which landed nearby in 1945, will remember its dry and dusty landscape. But the Popa hills were once famous for their trees and flowers, and the Prime Minister was there to launch an extensive reafforestation project. According to local history these hills are the abode of the eldest of the 37 Nats (spirits), and up to this day no less than 70 per cent. of the people worship this Nat by hanging coconuts in their homes. U Nu, responding to local customs—did he himself believe them?—first propitiated the Nat. After that, he delivered a highly expert lecture in simple language on the principles of soil conservation, concluding: "May Mount Popa be renovated into a big green forest full of flowers in order that it may be a worthy abode for the Nat."

A similar blending of ideas is reflected in the World Peace Pagoda, U Nu's most cherished scheme, though many devout Buddhists calculate how many hospitals and schools could have been built with the money spent on its construction. The following inscription is written on the inner and most sacred shrine "This image of the Lord Buddha was cast from the first refined silver produced by Burma Corporation (1951) Limited, by whom the silver was donated for this purpose. Burma Corporation (1951), which was formed on 15 January, 1952, on the partnership of the Government of the Union of Burma with the former Burma Corporation Limited, was the first such 'Joint Venture.'"

U Nu graduated in philosophy in the University of Rangoon in 1929, and after teaching for a few years he returned to study law. His secret ambition was to become the "Bernard Shaw of Burma." But the national struggle made an irresistible appeal to him, and if Burmese literature lost an imaginative playwright and poet, Burmese nationalism gained a remarkable leader. While at the University, U Nu became President of the Students' Union. The Left-wing students were already calling themselves "thakins"; the word means master and was the usual form of address for their British rulers. U Nu was a Fabian at that time and later became a "thakin." He openly advocated a revision of University education and changes in the staff. "Slave education," he said, was aimed at producing clerks for colonial rulers. The Principal asked him to leave. He fought back, and so too did his fellow students. In this atmosphere another event occurred which led to the students' strike of 1936. Aung San, Editor of the students' magazine *Oway* (cry of a peacock)

refused to say who was the author of an article "Hell-hound at Large" which was a personal attack on an easily recognised professor. Aung San was expelled. Kogyi (Elder Brother) Nu, as he was known at this time and is still known by his colleagues, immediately made an appeal for resistance. The Executive of the Students' Union was widened to become a Boycotters' Council. Kogyi Nu was President and several of his present Ministers were members. They were the shock troops of the nationalist revolution.

Elder Brother Nu led them straight to the Shwedagon Pagoda. They had about 1,000 rupees, all told, which was just about enough to buy up all the sardines in the market. The Thakin Party collected money for them. High school students joined them. While the Government held a long-drawn-out inquiry into the students' grievances, the strikers became the centre of political agitation. Their President gave back his B.A. Degree. His academic career was over. His political life, from which he has never looked back, had begun in deadly earnest. But he always combined political and literary work. In 1937, when the strike was over, and many of the students' demands had been reluctantly conceded, he formed the Red Dragon Book Club, running it along similar lines to the Left Book Club in England, with one book a month. U Nu himself translated *Red Star over China*, and wrote several books, one of them on Marxism and Buddhism.

When the war started in 1939 the "Thakins" promised their support, provided the British Government gave a definite date by which Burma would have home rule. When no such pledge was forthcoming, Thakin Nu and his colleagues linked up with other political parties to form the Freedom Bloc. His Majesty's Government retaliated by putting many of them, including Nu, into jail. Once again Thakin Nu showed his grasp of political tactics. From the prison came a resolution, saying to the British: "If you proclaim independence now, we will help the English side against the Fascist brigands who threaten the independence of small nations. If you do not make this proclamation, we will do all we can to hinder your war effort in whatever way we can." The promise was not made. It was left to the Japanese, under constant pressure from the Burmese nationalist leaders, to support Burmese independence. In the first Cabinet, formed in August, 1943, Thakin Nu was Foreign Minister. He had no illusions. He never mistook "pine-wood independence" as he called it, "for real solid teak." He had little power but great subtlety and ingenuity. He proudly recalls how he was able to give the place of honour to Subbhas Chandra Bose (Indian National Army leader then in Burma preparing to march into India with the Japanese invasion troops) rather than to the Japanese Ambassador on the grounds that Bose was the actual head of the Government whilst the Japanese was only a foreign representative.

In 1944 the Anti-Fascist Peoples' Freedom League was founded. Events moved quickly. A.F.P.F.L., as it was always known, rallied the whole country behind it. The British Government, after a shortlived and shortsighted effort to reimpose British rule, realised that they must come to terms with A.F.P.F.L. After the Aung San-Attlee Agreement was signed, Thakin Nu led a good-will mission to England. Like Bogyoke Aung San, he was surprised by the warmth of friendship he met everywhere, and the conviction that the Labour Government sincerely believed in Burmese independence was an important factor in all subsequent negotiations for the transfer of power.

Since 4 January, 1948, Thakin Nu has been Prime Minister, and he has continued to be President of A.F.P.F.L. His own integrity and incorruptibility have set a high standard in government and administration. His disarming smile and wide-eyed sincerity might suggest a simplicity of character to the undiscerning. But although U Nu (he left off the name "Thakin" last year) may be sometimes a little credulous, closer acquaintance reveals a shrewd politician as well as a sensitive artist and a devout Buddhist. He usually succeeds in blending his romantic temperament and his realistic mind. He is forceful and determined, but he avoids the usual temptation of Prime Ministers to become autocrats by an unusual willingness to apologise for his shortcomings. He still dreams of himself as a writer and a recluse, and at least four times he has informed the Cabinet that he would resign to lead a life of contemplation. Some of his more down-to-earth colleagues do not take this seriously.

It was natural that U Nu's fertile imagination and artistic sensitivity should find most scope in the field of education. For instance, he has scarcely missed a Committee Meeting of the Burma Translation Society. Formed on the eve of independence to make the knowledge of the modern world and thought accessible to the masses of the people by means of translation, the Society has done a remarkable job in producing some hundreds of books for children as well as for adults. Many of the projects were U Nu's ideas. Recently, when the first volume of the Encyclopedaea Burmanica arrived at the docks (the printing was done in Buckinghamshire), U Nu and most of his Cabinet received it as they would a visiting celebrity. A large scale-model was placed in a decorated van at the head of a mile-long procession and treated like a monarch.

U Nu's dramatic sense is revealed in many ways. "Independence in one year" was his idea. "Peace within one year" was his slogan when Communist and Karen rebellions threatened the very existence of the Union. When blueprints accumulated and work lagged, his eloquence inspired workers at a Pyidawtha (Happy Country) conference in 1952 to translate many of them into wells, bridges, hospitals, schools and libraries.

Elder Brother Nu, with a devoted team of able Ministers, has steered Burma out of its colonial backwater. The idea of an Asian Conference in Delhi, when the Dutch war in Indonesia was before a half-hearted Security Council, was his; and on many issues, such as Korea and Vietnam, his imaginative approach has brought him and Pandit Nehru into a close partnership. Active neutrality coincides with the deepest beliefs of both Prime Ministers and meets the needs of all Asian countries. On the eve of the Seato Conference, he advised Kachins at a meeting on the Burma-China frontier not to listen to anyone who tried to undermine their loyalty to Burma—"not to long for distant aunts, while our own mother is at home" as the Burmese saying goes—and to be friends with the British, the Americans, the Chinese and the Russians. It was good sense, good strategy and good Buddhism.

There is a story told of Lord Halifax that when he was faced with any crisis he retired for half an hour for prayer. A senior civil servant remarked that when he returned he "seemed singularly ill-advised." Elder Brother Nu also retires into contemplation. And if, as is usually the case, he is singularly well advised, it is because he has skillfully and sincerely blended the ideas of Karl Marx and the Lord Buddha.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Hook, Line and Sinker

WHAT would we, who care about the theatre as a living force, most particularly ask for as a gift horse from the Gods? High on the list surely—indeed at the top of my own—would be writers of plays with lively, intelligent minds, aware of the world they live in and able to mirror vividly and entertainingly the life of our times. But hidebound and purblind as we are, should we recognise such a phenomenon even if we were granted it, or would we look it in the mouth? That we can now test, for we have at the moment just such a prodigy, offering what we demand, in Mr. Denis Cannan. Mr. Cannan showed us his quality with the first play of his to appear in the West End, *Captain Carvallo*. That play was first staged at the Bristol Old Vic and then promptly bought and put on by Sir Laurence Olivier at the St. James's where it made a reasonable success; and I, for one, have been waiting for four years, all anticipation, for its successor.

The successor, *Misery Me!*, has now arrived at the Duchess and does not disappoint. Indeed it shows a considerable advance on *Captain Carvallo*. It is best described, perhaps, as an intellectual farce and has all the qualities I have asked for above, and more. Mr. Cannan has wit, intelligence, awareness, a lively sense of theatre, a personal style, and fertile invention. *Misery Me!* is as amusing and fresh in its own way as, say, the novel *Cards of Identity* in its. It is brimming with good jokes and the jokes are of all kinds, jokes of situation and of writing. Doubtless, like the majority of intellectual farces—much Shaw and most Bridie—the plot is weak and the production may not be perfect. But does a starving man send back a steak because it is not cooked absolutely *au point*? This play should already have made a howling success, except of course in those circles where "Third Programme" is a term of faintly obscene disapprobation. For it must be conceded that *Misery Me!* is addressed to the reasonably well informed and demands an intelligent response from its audience. That perhaps explains why, by all accounts, the first night once again proved an awkward hurdle. The contemporary first night audience is no doubt a brilliant assemblage of fashion and intelligence piece by piece; but as a collective it seems to exist on the level of a retarded pinhead. Subsequent audiences, as I can testify, have greeted the play with laughter, loud, long and continuous.

Mr. Cannan's plays lend themselves to précis as little as, say, Bridie's did. They are a gay and witty fooling with ideas, less argumentative than Bridie's and more sophisticated. The target is the intellectual pretensions of our time, or all kinds, political not excluded. But the satire is gentle, good-natured and surprisingly mature for so young a writer. In *Misery Me!*, for instance, Mr. Cannan assembles at a country inn in an imaginary country a capitalist, a Left-winger and two young intellectuals. Does your heart sink, knowing how crassly the English stage has always handled these humours (for they are humours rather than characters)? But that is just the refreshing difference. Mr. Cannan isn't crass. You will recognise them all among your friends, and some part of them all, perhaps, in yourself.

Some judges have pronounced adversely on the production (by Mr. Alistair Sim) and the style of the actors. But personally I swallowed it all, hook, line and sinker. Mr. Colin Gordon seemed to me especially brilliant as the Left-wing intellectual, he gets it to the life. Mr. Clive Morton is the head of innumerable Trusts, born to be obeyed, and mean with his tips. Miss Yvonne Mitchell is the most beautiful of university extension girls with a death wish, and Mr. George Cole a dithering young talker about suicide whom she nearly persuades over the brink. But the play, as I have said, defies description, it simply demands to be seen: it is a most accomplished comedy of ideas, bubbling with humour, coruscating with wit, for those prepared to listen. The management have shown great judgment and enterprise in giving us this play. Let us hope that their courage will not fail them before it has time to catch on; for given a little breathing space I feel certain it will.

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The Music of the Spheres

THE main event of Paul Hindemith's English visit has been the first London performance, at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert finely conducted by the composer, of *Die Harmonie der Welt*. This large-scale symphony, composed in 1951 and played under Furtwängler at the Edinburgh Festival of 1953, is in a sense a companion piece to Hindemith's most famous work, the *Mathis der Maler* symphony. Each derives from an opera about a man of genius whose life-work was distracted by political and religious troubles. In the career of the German astronomer Johann Kepler (1571-1630), as before in that of the German painter Mathias Grünewald, we may be sure that Hindemith has discerned a moral for our own time; no more can now be said, for we do not know what episodes of Johann Kepler's life have been selected for treatment, nor what stage the opera's composition has reached. In the symphony, at any rate, and especially in its last two movements, Hindemith seems already to have reached the heart of the matter: here is a most convincing portrayal of intellectual mastery and of an inward serenity proof against the assaults of the outer world.

Counterpoint is fundamental in Hindemith's mentality, and his new symphony is contrapuntal to a degree which has often, in less expert hands, proved inconsistent with symphonic design. But all three movements of *Die Harmonie der Welt* (the title comes from Kepler's treatise, *De Harmonice Mundi*) are exceptionally clear in structure. In the first, subtitled *Musica Instrumentalis*, we find something of the obstinate dryness characteristic of Hindemith in his more prosaic moods; the shape is that of the "arch" or "bow," and the long central section consists of a double fugue which forges ahead in 3/8 time, "*schnell, laut und brutal*" (to quote the composer's marking), with somewhat ruthless and mechanical effect. No doubt he intended this. The programme analyst tells us that the Latin adjective of the title refers to astronomical and mathematical instruments, but adds—with seeming inconsistency—that the music "is drawn from scenes in the opera dealing with the obstructions and difficulties surrounding Kepler's works." At all events, whatever the idea in the composer's mind, it has set his musical faculty functioning in the efficient and vigorous way we know so well, without generating any very memorable results.

Wholly different is the impression left by the second movement, called *Musica humana*. This movement, which is said to relate to "the spiritual side of Kepler's work," is sorrowful, elegiac, withdrawn: the music of solitude. Again the form is clear and simple: two themes are treated, first separately, then in combination—the first solemn, the second a delicate melodic arabesque drawn by the oboe over plucked string and muted horns. As this meditation fades on a soft A major chord, the third movement, *Musica mundana*, enters in E minor with a striding fugato, "*sehr breit*," and we begin to fear that poetry has once more been ousted by mathematics. What arrives, however, is a glorious synthesis of the two. The fugato passage introduces an extended passacaglia which symbolises Kepler's half-mystical, half-mathematical speculations about "The Music of the Spheres"; and this passacaglia proves to be not only the climax towards which the whole work has been moving, but one of the most majestic and beautiful of Hindemith's inventions, recalling in its elaboration and richly varied texture the passacaglia which ends Brahms's symphony in the same key.

The theme of this passage—long, distinguished and readily memorable—proceeds mainly by rising and falling fifths; in mid-course, it slips gracefully down by a semitone into E flat minor, to return in the last bar, no less gracefully, to the home key. Like Brahms, Hindemith draws breath halfway through his great scheme, writing a chain of fanciful and decorative woodwind cadenzas against which the Glockenspiel ticks out the theme in a distant key, with long intervals between the phrases and even between single notes. This surprising and original page leads into another no less striking, in which a further rhythmic variant of the theme on plucked strings alternates with woodwind chatter, all in a mysterious pianissimo. Thus one happy invention succeeds another until the texture begins to thicken and the time-scale to expand as we approach a final paragraph of great breadth, sonority and assurance.

In this last movement, and possibly (for repetition may correct faulty first impressions) in the Kepler Symphony as a whole, Hindemith shows himself at his best, his fluency and magnificent technique not having things too much their own way, but deployed in the service of an inspiring poetic conception. Poetry, but in the narrower sense of the word, is also the starting-point of the 1946 *Requiem "For those we love,"* a setting of Walt Whitman's *When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd*, of which later in the week the composer conducted two performances for the B.B.C.

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Moved though Hindemith has evidently been by the loose, rugged emotional lines, he cannot resist parcelling them up too neatly into pre-conceived forms. In the twelve distinct sections which make up the work there is much that is noble, solid and sincere; but the discrepancy between poet and composer is too wide; some vital essence is missing—perhaps, the scent of the lilac.

A most enjoyable series of Bach concerts is now in progress at the Festival Hall every Wednesday at 5.45; it runs until May 25th. Organ recitals by Geraint Jones alternate with orchestral and choral concerts by picked forces under his direction. At the first concert, Mr. Jones struck the perfect mean, I thought, between antiquarianism and modernisation; these were among the most vital and exhilarating of recent Bach performances. The fine motet, *Komm, Jesu, komm*, was sung by a small group, with discreet accompaniment, so beautifully and so clearly that the antiphonal choral writing sounded perfectly distinct even over the air; the *Magnificat* emerged, as though from recleaning, with colours of enchanting freshness; and Harold Jackson, in the high trumpet part of the Second Brandenburg Concerto, coruscated to shame the cherubim. At Mr. Jones's organ recital, a week later, I was not so consistently happy. His recorded performances on the 17th-century organ at Steinkirchen are always wonderfully clear and sweet, but when playing loud and complicated fugues in the Festival Hall he sometimes allows his treble parts to emit a nasty and continuous squeal. In England we seem faced with a choice between Old Victorian Roar and Neo-Baroque Squeal. My objection to both is quite simple. They prevent us, if not from hearing, at any rate from grasping, the only thing that matters: the actual notes of the composition.

Among the more stimulating of recent musical events has been the visit of the Piccola Accademia Musicale, a group of Italians devoted to the resuscitation of their 18th-century composers under the brilliant leadership of an American conductor and musicologist, Newell Jenkins. Unfortunately, their Wigmore Hall concert coincided with Hindemith across the river; but there was time to hear vital performances of a Sammartini symphony and a Clementi piano concerto (the latter, as we might have been informed, a pleasant expansion of the C major Sonata, Opus 36, No. 3), and later in the week I managed to catch, over the air, another novelty: a G minor symphony of Gaetano Brunetti. It proved by far the finest of the three: in fact, an enchanting work which must not be again neglected. Brunetti (*c.* 1740-1808) is a composer of whom I had never previously heard; he spent the whole of his working life in Madrid, and it does not seem fanciful to find in his supple, darting, sensuous style echoes of his predecessor, Scarlatti, as well as of his contemporary and rival, Boccherini. Grateful as I am to Mr. Jenkins for his enterprise and scholarship, I hope he will claim no monopoly in his charming find.

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Round the Exhibitions

S. W. HAYTER, founder of the famous *Atelier 17* of graphic artists, is a superb craftsman. To know exactly how fine and ingenious an engraver and etcher he is, one must understand something of the technical processes which lie behind the sheerness of his work. Perhaps the more one knew, the more one would respect him. But even the uninformed visitor to the St. George's Gallery can get some idea of his skill from the 30 prints on show. Their semi-abstract forms—slightly reminiscent of the planet Saturn and of diagrams of air-flows—are all very similar. Their colours are synthetic rather than earthy—magenta, emerald, orange. They express little of their alleged subjects. But as the shapes and currents cross the edges of the plate and become the print, every variation of line and superimposing of colour becomes clarified to such an extent that one feels one is looking through a perfectly focused microscope with a range of view exactly the same size as the copper. Hayter's discipline, and his teaching that engraving has a right to life of its own, are admirable. But one should not exaggerate. Hayter is a marvellous maker, but not a creator, of images. As with many teachers, his gift must serve the imagination and vision of others.

At the Lefevre Gallery there is a retrospective exhibition of the Scottish painter, J. D. Fergusson, who is now over eighty. A sustained life's achievement is always rather humbling and impressive. These 30 canvases reveal a sixty years struggle to apply the discoveries of Cubism, Léger and the Fauves to the Scottish landscape and to women who are obviously for the artist symbolic goddesses of the pleasure of the Mediterranean. The clouds pile over Ben Ledi with the energy of smoke from an express train; distance in the valleys is marked by a very logical but also a very elusive light; the women, whether clothed like 1920 mannequins or naked as pearls, are like caryatids to a temple. Naturally Fergusson has not always succeeded: there is the problem of what to do with the sky buildings when the forms of the landscape have been geometrically simplified—the degree of formalisation must be the same throughout the whole painting: there is the problem of painting flesh modified by the way the light falls on it *and* at the same time by the anatomical structure from within. But taken by and large one is confronted by the work of a painter who is contemporary in spirit, who is unafraid of colour and has used it to express his enjoyment of life. His best canvases (Nos. 10, 16, 17) explain that enjoyment. Most of us will be lucky if, in our own fields, we achieve as much.

The London Group are holding a show of prints at the Zwemmer Gallery. On the whole it is disappointing and one has the impression of old sketch books being raked through to find something to be transcribed on to stone, plate, or worst of all, glass for a monotype. The exceptions are two brush-drawn lithographs by Ceri Richards—one, gusty as a page blown in the wind, of a stork and urn in homage to Dylan Thomas, the other of a model in the studio which conveys all the shock of the naturalness of the nude; some witty (in every sense of the word) etchings by Gross and some finely composed parlour lithographs by Ardizonne—whose present poster for Guinness I have also much enjoyed.

Miss Doris Hatt, at Foyles, is a follower of Léger. She has a good sense of colour and something to say, but she must draw more. The still-lives by Christo Coetzee at the Hanover are the apotheosis of what one means by *chichi*. He should use cake-icing, not paint.

The students of the St. Martin's School of Art are holding an exhibition of their paintings at their school. It is in many ways the most interesting show of the week—full of human observation and considerable promise. All interested in new painting should remember David Wickens, Roy Trollope, Judith Wentworth-Shields, Kathleen Duff, Bruce Drysdale and (a teacher at the school) Peter Coker.

JOHN BERGER

A Day in the Country

"Bad Day at Black Rock," at the Empire
"The Last Bridge," at the Cameo-Poly
Richard Massingham Memorial Programme

SOMETIMES one may get the impression that America is at heart jungle and desert. Only by rushing up supplies here, reinforcements there can the forces of nature be held back. Dance hall music gives on to a swamp; poor whites loll among broken pillars and car carcases; the ghost town shelters a race of dogs; travellers come upon the lost palaces of the Dionne quintuplets; and a shack life creeps in everywhere round petrol pumps and between the cracks of skyscrapers.

No wonder the trains that explore these wastes are armoured with comfort! One such, before the titles of *Bad Day at Black Rock* have gone up, streams across the wildernesses of the south-west; a snake that has discovered straight propulsion, it crosses, dwindles, zooms up in a CinemaScope that is just right. Nothing, surely, can stop it. Then it pulls up at a halt under the mountains, and out steps Mr. Spencer Tracy, looking grimly confident in black alpaca coat and carrying a small case with his one good arm. Everything daunts: the sun and the silence, the few buildings, the fewer words of the natives, who seem to have been crapulously awaiting this invasion. What have they been up to, and what's he after? If you like the strongly atmospheric ancedote, with sardonic delays and brief stabs of action—and the certainty that Mr. Tracy, with nothing on his side except character, will catch next morning's train—*Bad Day at Black Rock* is your film.

The sky stares, the mountains rise blue, the slouchers sit round doorways or in the bar, a jeep joggles up through scrub and rock to the place where charred ruins are all that remain of a Jap farmer, and Tracy, in a part he suits splendidly, submits to baiting and at last turns on his attackers. His Commando tactics bring gasps of pleasure from an audience that has giggled hitherto with the half-dozen villains. Toughness is all. But if so it's not a bad thing it should be safe in the hands—the single hand—of this knightly invader; who by the way brings a medal from a dead hero in Europe. Also, in this male community, there's a pretty girl with a scowl up at the petrol station: not so tough. No love, but a pathetic end. And then, with a supernumerary look, appear women and children in a distant rank to wave us goodbye. Where were they before? Why line them up now? The whole thing has been gripping, if not quite real, but looking back one has no regrets that a well-based thriller should have lacked the growth to become more.

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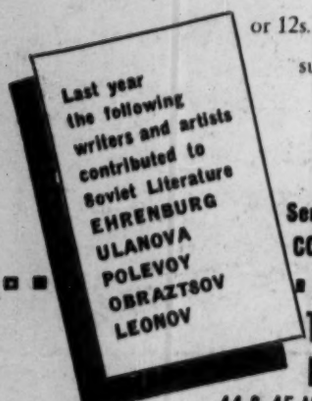

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Collaboration of an unusual kind has produced *The Last Bridge*, a story of the partisans in Jugoslavia, made in that country by a German director. The Nazis appear Nazi—or at least German—and the Jugoslavs, heroically, themselves. Splendid hill scenery, authentic material, good and skilful intentions: then why doesn't the film stir us more? Maria Schell plays the part of a German doctor captured by the partisans and forced to take the place of their own doctor who has been killed. Her struggles of conscience between patriotism and humanity are somewhat romanticised and when in the end she wanders on a bridge between the two armies while both cease from battle the over-dramatisation comes to a head. *The Last Bridge* sets out so generously, with so much local colour and international good will, that I wish I could have thrilled to it a little more. We are improved, softened, instructed, made hopeful; but in entertainment, alas, that is hardly enough.

At the National Film Theatre on March 27 at 3 and 7.30, and at the Everyman on March 28 at 8.30, will be given a memorial programme of the films of Richard Massingham. The proceeds will go to a trust fund for the education of his son. Massingham, as actor and director, was something in films between Vigo and Robert Benchley: poetic, funny and endearing, very English. His war-time flashes—*The Five-Inch Bother* and *Coughs and Sneezes*—made him a public figure. The more tedious the job he undertook, the livelier grew his fancy. *Pool of Contentment*, in the present programme, was made to instruct civil servants in the workings of the typist pool, and its soarings into Dictation give a funnier and truer picture of the Civil Service than we shall find elsewhere on the screen or in print. His propaganda for the Gas Council is a nightmare of the order devised in Chaplin's *Modern Times* for the patent feeding-machine. That so brilliant a talent should find expression in such strange circumstances is only to be regretted if these films of his—nearly a hundred in number—should ever be let slip from memory.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Belmont and the Bomb

WHAT is the right response to good intentions? "Noble respect takes it in might not merit." All very well; but then one remembers Swift's epigram. Not that Mr. Hal Burton's production of *The Merchant of Venice* on TV was hell. In a way, that was part of the trouble; it was nothing so positive. It was simply just another production of *The Merchant*, and a very uninspired one at that. That was the real trouble: we had been promised if not inspiration at least some kind of substitute for it, and if we have no assurance of this, I imagine no one's pulse is going to quicken with excitement at the prospect of yet another performance of the one play of Shakespeare's that might well gain by being banned from both the stage and the library for the next hundred years. It was heralded, in other words, by a considerable outburst of trumpets. It was to appear in the *Stage by Stage* series, which is designed to illustrate the history of English drama. Two nights before the performance we assisted at a discussion between Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Peter Brook and Mr. Alan Dent on changing fashions in Shakespeare production; and *this* production, we learnt, would be mounted on the equivalent of the stage as Shakespeare himself knew it. Came the night; and we were invited to imagine ourselves at a rehearsal of *The Merchant* in Elizabethan times. Why a rehearsal? It was soon too sadly apparent: however ineffective the production in rehearsal, we could console ourselves that it might be all right on the night.

Now I don't think the failure of this production proved anything, except perhaps that *The Merchant* remains Shakespeare's most signal contribution to the syllabus of the School Certificate Examination. I take it that one aim of the producer tackling a play so familiar is always to "make it new." Mr. Burton failed; and his production lacked even the kind of interest one calls archaeological. Yet part of his failure, I feel sure, came from the limits of production he had imposed upon himself, and one remembers in this connection Sir Laurence Olivier's film of *Henry V*. That, too, began as a replica of a performance at the Globe, with groundlings and all, and fascinating it was; but how wise of Sir Laurence to leave the Globe early on and fade as it were into film. Mr. Burton's trouble was that, in his anxiety to reproduce the Elizabethan stage, he forgot the medium he was working in, which is not that of the theatre. And, paradoxically, because he forgot his medium it seems to me that he moved farther away from the spirit of the Elizabethan theatre than he need have done. For watching his production, I was reminded all the time, by contrast, of that brilliant production by Mr. Rylands and Mr. Allen of *Troilus and Cressida* last year. Then there was no attempt to reproduce the conditions of the Elizabethan stage; the play was made new by the medium itself. And yet, when, exploiting the medium, Mr. Rylands and Mr. Allen brought Thersites forward and held him in close-up to spit out his venom directly at us at our own firesides, one had the feeling that here indeed was the essence of the Elizabethan stage perfectly translated for our time.

There was certainly no failure of the medium either in Mr. Mayhew's *Peaceful Co-Existence?* or in Mr. Crawley's *Viewfinder*. Mr. Mayhew's programme, *The Aims of the U.S.S.R.*, was the first of a series in which he will examine the relations between the Communist and the non-Communist worlds. It was extremely able and I would think as fair as it was humanly possible to be. Mr. Mayhew had been unable, in his visit to Moscow, to get the co-operation of the Russians in the making of his programme. Had he done so, I suppose we could consider co-existence a fact; but he had submitted his own statement of the Communist point of view, and its criticism of the Left, to no less a person than Mr. Ralph Parker, the Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Worker*, who, in a telephone conversation with Mr. Mayhew, which we saw and heard on film, elaborated it without, I thought, substantially altering it. Mr. Mayhew then gave the anti-Communist attitude as it might be put by a middle-of-the-road American.

The great virtue of this programme was its dispassionateness, and dispassionateness on the subject he was dealing with is so rare as to be almost shocking, a civilised quality one had almost forgotten existed. It was a quality whose presence, in Mr. Crawley's *Viewfinder* programme on the hydrogen bomb, was guaranteed by the appearance of Bertrand Russell, who posed the question whether the defence of freedom was worth the destruction of mankind. It was a very moving moment when, in reply to Mr. Crawley, he admitted that he himself would probably commit suicide in the event of Communist victory or domination. From Lord Russell we passed on to purely technical considerations of hydrogen-bomb warfare by Captain Liddell-Hart and Sir John Slessor. But it was Lord Russell who gave the programme its real value and distinction and made it superior, for instance, to the set of three discussions, *Defence of the Realm*, we had heard in the Home Service the week before. These were no doubt perfectly adequate to what they set out to do, which was simply to examine and analyse the Government's plans for defence. They were, in other words, technical, a discussion between experts concerned not at all with ends but wholly with means. Listening to them, one sighed for some statement of the human context in which the problem discussed existed. It wasn't for the experts to deal with that; values couldn't enter. In the sharpest possible way, in Mr. Crawley's programme Bertrand Russell brought them back into the discussion and by doing so added to it the extra dimension necessary to give it human reality.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

LOBBIES OF THE SOUL

SIR,—It seems to me that it is Mr. Driberg who has been "misleading." No one, for instance, in touch with undergraduate opinion could have committed himself to the view that fundamentalism is stronger in Oxford than it is in Cambridge. It is in fact in Cambridge that the scramble after salvation is in its fullest swing and that journeys down the Damascus Road are most regularly taken. It was, after all, there that the whole beastly business started; and it is probably appropriate that it is to the Fens and not to the Thames Valley that Dr. Billy Graham is being borne in triumph in November.

And then there is this specious point that Mr. Driberg seeks half-heartedly to make about Socialism and Anglo-Catholicism. Admittedly evangelicals have always been the principal consumers of pie in the sky; but some of us, remembering such Societies as that of King Charles the Martyr and solemn requiem masses for the glorious dead on Empire Youth Sunday, as well as the type of congregations that go to such churches as St. Mary's, Bourne Street, are unable to look upon the Anglo-Catholics as offering much in the way of social salvation. The record of each party in the Church of England is in fact equally deplorable. I do not know to what party the Bishop belonged who in 1936 made the utterance "The first Public school man was born in Nazareth and his name was Jesus Christ"; but that appears to many of us to be a representative and recognisable clerical viewpoint.

I would suggest to Mr. Driberg that the most hopeful sign is one which he did not touch upon at all. That is the growth within the Church of England of a theologically modernist and liberal movement of which such people as Eric Carpenter, Clifford Rhodes and Mervyn Stockwood are, I suppose, members. It may not be a coincidence that because these men, putting more emphasis on reason than faith and holding that it is necessary to understand in order to believe rather than the other way round, are nearest to the Humanist position, they thus present the least dangerous and menacing manifestation of religion that has yet appeared. They are, I understand, unpopular both at Harringay and at Pusey House, not to mention Lambeth Palace.

Oxford Union Society ANTHONY HOWARD
President.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

SIR,—Mr. Ian R. Hamilton's letter does not controvert but confirms my point. In the Kirriemuir plebiscite of 1949, 23 per cent. voted as he says for complete separation. It is generally agreed that Kirriemuir cannot possibly be uniquely extremist and that a similar result would be secured almost everywhere in Scotland, while in certain places the separatist vote would be considerably higher. I have addressed over forty meetings all over Scotland since New Year's Day and am convinced that while the position in 1949 was as stated above, subsequent disappointment at the petering out of the Covenant brouhaha, and at the terms of the Royal Commission Report, has greatly increased the proportion in favour of complete separation, while the Edinburgh and Glasgow Conspiracy trials, and the activities of the Scottish Republican Army are further pointers to the extent to which it is now realised that Scotland can expect to gain nothing by constitutional means. In any case, so far as my original letter is concerned, even if only 23 per cent. voted for complete separation as at Kirriemuir in 1949, that shows that the course I have advocated has far more than the negligible measure of support Mr. Hamilton suggested.

Mr. Hamilton's point in regard to my non-success on the occasions I have stood for Parliament has no weight, since the "handful of votes" I polled compared favourably with the support secured by other Scottish Nationalist candidates, despite the fact that over two million Scots signed the Scottish Covenant.

It is absurd to contend that Scots have a responsibility in matters of imperial wars, and are not dragged unwillingly into them by the English, when Scotland's representation in the House of Commons is completely outweighed by the English majority and the latter has frequently overidden the former even when the Scottish representatives of all parties were of one mind. Mr. Hamilton should also recollect that "Red Clydeside" was the centre of anti-war agitation in the First World War and that the traditions of the Scottish Socialist and Labour movements were revolutionary, republican, anti-militarist and anti-Imperialist in contradistinction to the constitutionalist and monarchist traditions of the English movement. Also that on more than one occasion an overall majority of the Scottish poll has been for Socialism, while England's was for the Conservatives. In other words, if Scotland had had Home Rule, we would have had a Socialist Government in power long ago.

The fact is that the Covenant Movement could have swept Scotland had it not been for the insistence of its leaders on whittling down the Scottish claim by pledging loyalty to the Throne, continuance within the framework of the Commonwealth, and the reservation to the Imperial Parliament of the key matters of Finance, Foreign Affairs, and the Armed Forces. All Scottish Nationalists could have been united if these matters had been left to the will of the Scottish people instead of being presumptuously pre-judged by a few Tooley Street (or Sauchiehall Street) tailors in this way.

I am content to leave another year or so to determine whether my influence is so small as Mr. Hamilton imagines, or whether by dissociating itself from England altogether Scotland would not have undone whatever share in England's crimes during the past two hundred years must be charged to her account, and served both England and herself—to say nothing of the world at large—better than by continuing to share in similar, and worse, savageries which is, apparently, what Mr. Hamilton recommends. Scotland's secession would certainly put a decisive crimp in England's warlike intentions.

Brownsbank, HUGH MACDIARMID
By Biggar, Lanarkshire.

TWO NATIONS IN SCHOOL

SIR,—Last week Lady Simon, under the title "Two Nations in School," attacked the private schools on the grounds that, so long as they exist, there is no real equality of educational opportunity. To answer all her points would demand more space than you, Sir, would allow, but I submit that much of her argument relating to schools is muddled and misleading.

What is "equality of educational opportunity"? Consider two parents in the same income group, making initially much the same contribution to the State system of education through rates and taxes. One economises in tobacco, beer and holidays; does overtime in one form or another (and thereby makes a further contribution, through income tax, to public funds); takes out an insurance policy; and sends his son to a private school which, by paying rates, makes another contribution to public funds. According to Lady Simon, this parent has "contracted out" of the State system. The other parent does none of these things; he continues to indulge in beer, tobacco and the dogs; he relies on the State to educate his son, and thereby earns the sympathy of Lady Simon, in whose eyes the first parent has committed the social crime of effort and sacrifice to provide his own son with the best education he can get.

Lady Simon says: "If private schools were all closed, and all parents had to send their children to the publicly maintained schools, we should *soon* (my italics) see a revolution in school building and in size of classes." How right she is! Hurriedly erected temporary classrooms would house classes that had grown like mushrooms overnight. What a theme for the satirist!

"To prohibit all private schools *might savour too much* (my italics again) of a totalitarian system. But there is no reason why economic processes should not be . . . encouraged to play their part." Don't cut their throats—it's too patently bloody—just strangle them quietly. Again—"There is not the slightest reason why parents who choose to buy smaller

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classes, better paid teachers and social prestige for their children should expect the parents of other children to help them." Then is there the slightest reason why parents who buy these advantages by effort and sacrifice should be compelled to contribute to the educational costs of the children of other parents who have *an equal opportunity* to buy these advantages?

If private schools are superior to State schools, it is through their independence—freedom from bureaucratic control, freedom from governors appointed on their political affiliations without respect to educational experience. Lady Simon wants to kill the goose that lays the golden egg of superiority.

Watford, Herts. J. M. KNOWLES

TEACHERS' PAY

SIR,—Infant and junior schools are staffed by qualified non-graduates: teaching in Grammar schools is done by graduates. The generalisation by Mr. Petty, with many exceptions both ways, would be true before 1944. In some areas it would still be true.

Since 1947, however, good graduates have freely entered the infant, junior, junior-technical, secondary-modern, and secondary-technical fields; and the further-education field below advanced level. Their "additional personal qualifications" have been rewarded on the same terms as if they had chosen the Grammar-school field.

It is claimed that the new allowance-scales will encourage good science and mathematics graduates to leave industry and take up teaching. This, surely, is highly unlikely.

On the other hand, the new allowances will indeed "encourage good arts graduates already in teaching to apply for posts involving advanced work."

This week I have assisted a good arts graduate with teaching-diploma and social-science qualifications to change to "advanced" work. She is deserting her valuable and congenial work in a junior department, to take geography in a merely competent manner in a Grammar school. The essential financial proviso is that she does vocational guidance with the Sixth, affording a net allowance increase of £95. That this represents the use of her academic qualifications to the best advantage is disputed even by herself: and this situation is being reproduced in every combination of school, qualification, and circumstance.

The real effect of the new allowances is to force a return to the position outlined in the first sentence of this letter; the position that blighted all attempts at educational progress prior to 1944.

11 Bywater Street, S.W.3. D. O. DIXON

NEW BARBICAN

SIR,—May I, whilst congratulating Mervyn Jones on his quick grasp of the essentials of a scheme which for many people has proved too big in conception to be seen at all clearly, venture a mild correction on one or two points and, at the same time, add a piece of encouraging news?

As Mr. Kedleigh pointed out in your issue of last week, practically nowhere in the scheme will there be "solid blocks of masonry". A fundamental part of the idea is that what is being created is a new kind of covered and enclosed space, and certainly it is not proposed to put any *typists* out of sight of a window.

The comment of a City official that the office section did not comply with the prescribed standards arose from a misunderstanding of the design. This makes much use of planned internal communication and of disposition of space for varying needs. An office block, for instance, which is 70 feet from front to back would, if divided down the middle by a narrow corridor, result in rooms the back walls of which would be 30 feet from a window, but when the central portion is occupied by lifts, stairs, storage and other functions, not accompanied by continuous personal occupation and, therefore, not especially requiring natural light, a very different situation obtains. Standards of light and air will everywhere in New Barbican be substantially higher for the residential and office quarters than is common in the City or West End.

The encouraging and very latest news is that the Board of Trade have now granted the required Industrial Development Certificate. Planning permission must, of course, still be obtained and a new and technically valid application has, therefore, been made. Should the Court of Common Council reject this, an appeal to the Minister will automatically become possible.

18-19 Ironmonger Lane, E.C.2. BRYAN ANSTEY

HOWARDS END

SIR,—Mr. Allen may be right in saying that "the Wilcoxes are caricatures of a type" and "Bast an entirely literary creation," but he is wrong in thinking that Mr. Forster should have made the Schlegels "treat with regard" a clerk, whether insurance or bank. The context of his criticism shows that Mr. Allen refers not to *personal* regard—which in fact the Schlegels felt for Bast—but to their general social outlook. I was seventeen when the book appeared, and read it on appearance, and my family was very closely equivalent to the Schlegels: well-to-do, cultured, middle-class Londoners, with a father, brothers and men friends either in the Services or the professions. The latter did not include either insurance clerks or bank clerks—indeed, the word "clerk" was often used to indicate a "lower" social grade. Nor do I think (but in this I may be wrong) that we had any bank-manager friends.

As for Margaret Schlegel avoiding the word "drunk" when speaking to Mr. Wilcox, free though my sisters and I were in language with our contemporaries, we might have hesitated in 1910 to use the word to a beloved but conventional uncle. To sum up, Mr. Forster's feeling for past shades of social outlook and conduct is much more acute than Mr. Allen's. E. B. C. JONES

SIR,—One of the few faults Mr. Allen finds with *Howards End* is that Margaret Schlegel emerges as a "passionless prig," as the result of E. M. Forster's airing his own views through her lips. The only great fault in Dickens' novels is the thick sentimentality of his emotional writing, but sentimentality was a fault of the Victorian age. Was not merely an academic interest in the poor a fault of the Edwardian era? Social conscience was stirring, and we were aware of the drabness of some lives, but women were still unemancipated, and could only talk about such matters, as Margaret frequently does. It is difficult to surmount the era into which one is born.

West Wickham. DIANA BAZALGETTE

THE ULYSSES THEME

SIR,—Mr. Andrew Wordsworth, in his review of Mr. Stanford's book, refers wrongly to Ulysses as "The traitor in torment in *The Inferno*." Ulysses is in the 8th circle as an evil counsellor; not in the 9th, as a traitor would have been.

Dante's view of Ulysses is not just a matter for specialists. It is intensely relevant now, as Auden recognised. *The Ascent of F.6.* begins with Ransom reading John Carlyle's translation of Inf XXVI 112-120.

> "O brothers!" I said, "who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not, to this brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the unpeopled world behind the Sun. Consider your origin: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge."

Putting down the book. Virtue and knowledge! One can picture Ulysses' audience: a crook speaking to crooks.

So far Auden; but is this what Dante meant? If so, though he can hardly have foreseen the hydrogen bomb, he did foresee the probable ends of the pursuit of power and knowledge ("virtue" is a misleading word for "virtute") as ends *in* themselves, not instruments of God's work (or of the good, if you prefer it).

We still hear on school speech-days that a nation perishes when its young men lose the spirit of adventure. If this is evil counsel, what is good counsel? Dante answers this question, but only for those who can take the Paradiso. Is he right on this point too?

Totnes. HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

PAUL CLAUDEL

SIR,—Stephen Spender, G. S. Fraser and Geoffrey Brereton are all barking up the wrong tree. Mr. Brereton excuses the "harmless political haverings of an old man." As distinct from England, the intellectual in France is *engagé* and his "political haverings" are never dismissed as "harmless." One of the great tragedies of France is that the literary *milieu* that Claudel represented—the *milieu* of the French Academy—all eagerly jumped, with the honourable exception of Mauriac and Duhamel, on the Vichy bandwaggon—not to mention a few "immortals" who became plain Nazi collaborators. Claudel's *Ode to Pétain* is even more nauseating in the light of the *Ode to de Gaulle* he hastened to produce after the Liberation.

The years 1940-44 discredited deeply in the eyes of France the Right-wing intellectuals with all their Vichyism and *Maurrassisme*; and the vital intellectual forces in France today are those which have emerged from, or were more or less closely associated with, the Resistance—Mauriac, Bernanos, Malraux, Camus, Sartre, Eluard, to mention only the most famous. Gide's attitude was more ambiguous, but at least he was never Vichyite.

As the *Canard Enchainé* pointed out, no official fuss was made over the funeral of André Gide, while the funeral procession of Eluard across Paris was actually *prohibited* by the Laniel Government, because he was a Communist, though a great poet for all that. The grandiose obsequies of Claudel and the hours of lamentations over his death on the French State-controlled wireless were rightly regarded not merely by the *Canard*, but by thousands of people, as something that had little to do with Claudel the poet, but as a deliberate rehabilitation of the class and coterie to which Claudel belonged, and whose wartime record was nothing to be proud of.

ALEXANDER WERTH

[Mr. Werth wrote the unsigned comment on Paul Claudel's funeral in our issue of March 12.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

RENAISSANCE DIPLOMACY

Many years of research and an unrivalled knowledge of the printed sources and literature lie behind this history of Western Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Dealing with the emergence of modern diplomacy, the book has an obvious appeal for the professional diplomat or historian, but the lay reader will be attracted by its breadth of view, the many renaissance portraits, the wealth of curious detail, and the lucid, lively and dignified style in which it is written. *Frontispiece* 25s. net

Garrett Mattingly

JONATHAN CAPE

FOCUSING ON NEXT YEAR'S AIRLINER, MR. ARNOLD?

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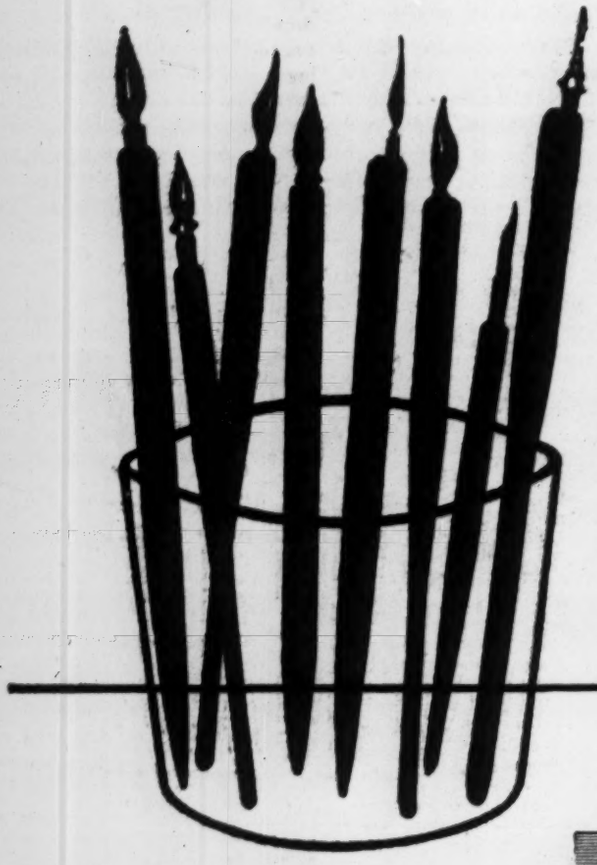

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REASSESSMENTS

J. A. Hobson's Imperialism

IDEAS live longer than men; and the writer who can attach his name to an idea is safe for immortality. Darwin will live as long as Evolution; Marx be forgotten only when there are no class-struggles. In the same way, no survey of the international history of the twentieth century can be complete without the name of J. A. Hobson. He it was who found an economic motive for Imperialism. Lenin took over Hobson's explanation, which thus became the basis for Communist foreign policy to the present day. Non-Marxists were equally convinced; and contemporary history has been written largely in the light of Hobson's discovery. This discovery was an offshoot from his general doctrine of under-consumption. The capitalists cannot spend their share of the national production. Saving makes their predicament worse. They demand openings for investment outside their saturated national market; and they find these openings in the undeveloped parts of the world. This is Imperialism. In Hobson's words, "the modern foreign policy of Great Britain has been primarily a struggle for profitable markets of investment"—and what applied to Great Britain was equally true for France or Germany. Brailsford put it a few years later in a sharper way:

> Working-men may proceed to slay each other in order to decide whether it shall be French or German financiers who shall export the surplus capital (saved from their own wages bill) destined to subdue and exploit the peasants of Morocco.

This idea is now so embedded in our thought that we cannot imagine a time when it did not exist. Yet the earlier Radical opponents of Imperialism knew nothing of it. They supposed that Imperialism sprang from a primitive greed for territory or a lust for conquest. The more sophisticated held that it was designed to provide jobs for the younger sons of the governing classes (a theory which James Mill invented and himself practised and which Hobson did not discard). Marx had no theory of Imperialism. In classical Marxist theory, the state exists solely to oppress the working-classes—to silence their grievances, destroy their trade unions, and force them ever nearer to the point of absolute starvation. Marx jeered at the "night-watchman" theory of the state; but the only difference in his conception was that it stayed awake in the day-time. Hobson added a true Marxian refinement. Marx had demonstrated that the capitalist, however benevolent personally, was condemned by economic law to rob the worker at the point of production. Similarly Hobson showed that the capitalist, however pacific, must seek foreign investment and therefore be driven into imperialist rivalry with the capitalists of other states. Previously Marxists had condemned capitalism as being pacific, and particularly for preventing the great war of liberation against Russia. Now all wars became "capitalistic," and war the inevitable outcome of the capitalist system. It is not surprising that, when the first World war had broken out, Lenin seized on Hobson's "bourgeois-pacifist" theory and made it the cornerstone of his neo-Marxism. Like most prophets, he boasted of his foresight only when his visions had become facts.

Hobson wrote his book immediately after the partition of Africa, and when the experiences of the Boer war were fresh in everyone's mind. For him, Imperialism was mainly the acquisition of tropical lands; and what he foresaw next was the partition, or perhaps the joint exploitation, of China. In the spring of 1914 Brailsford applied similar doctrines to a wider field. *The War of Steel and Gold* (1914) is a more brilliant book than Hobson's, written with a more trenchant pen and with a deeper knowledge of international affairs. Though less remembered now, it had probably a stronger influence on its own generation; and American historians between the wars, in particular, could hardly have got on without it. Our own thought is still unconsciously shaped by it. Brailsford speaks more to our condition. The aggressive, self-confident Imperialism of the Boer war seems remote to us; the competition of great armaments is ever-present in our lives.

Both writers wrote with Radical passion. The first sensation in re-reading them is to cry out: "Would that we had such writers nowadays!" Take Hobson's peroration:

> Imperialism is a depraved choice of national life, imposed by self-seeking interests which appeal to the lusts of quantitative acquisition and of forceful domination surviving in a nation from early centuries of animal struggle for existence. . . . It is the besetting sin of all successful States, and its penalty is unalterable in the order of nature.

Or Brailsford's:

> Let a people once perceive for what purposes its patriotism is prostituted, and its resources misused, and the end is already in sight. When that illumination comes to the masses of the three Western Powers, the fears which fill their barracks and stoke their furnaces will have lost the power to drive. A clear-sighted generation will scan the horizon and find no enemy. It will drop its armour, and walk the world's highways safe.

These are heavyweights of political combat. The intellectual diet of the mid-twentieth century cannot nourish such stamina. But we must stay the flood of our admiration with some doubting questions. Was the Hobsonian-Leninist analysis of international capitalism a true picture either then or now? Has the struggle for overseas investments ever been the mainspring of international politics?

The export of capital was certainly a striking feature of British economic life in the fifty years before 1914. But its greatest periods were before and after the time of ostensible Imperialism. What is more, there was little correspondence between the areas of capitalist investment and political annexation. Hobson cheats on this, and Lenin after him. They show, in one table, that there has been a great increase in British investments overseas; in another that there has been a great increase in the territory of the British Empire. Therefore, they say, the one caused the other. But did it? Might not both have been independent products of British confidence and strength? If openings for investment were the motive of British Imperialism, we should surely find evidence for this in the speeches of British imperialists, or, if not in their public statements, at any rate in their private letters and opinions. We don't. They talked, no doubt quite mistakenly, about securing new markets and, even more mistakenly, about new openings for emigration; they regarded investment as a casual instrument. Their measuring-stick was Power, not Profit. When they disputed over tropical African territory or scrambled for railway concessions in China, their aim was to strengthen their respective Empires, not to benefit the financiers of the City. Hobson showed that Imperialism did not pay the nation. With longer experience, we can even say that it does not pay the investors. But the proof, even if convincing, would not have deterred the advocates of Imperialism. They were thinking in different terms.

The economic analysis breaks down in almost every case which has been examined in detail. Morocco has often been treated as a classical case of finance-imperialism, by Brailsford himself and in more detail by E. D. Morel. In fact, the French financiers were forced to invest in Morocco, much against their will, in order to prepare the way for French political control. They knew they would lose their money; and they did. But Morocco became a French protectorate. Again, Brailsford made much play with the British investments in Egypt, which Cromer had promoted. But surely Cromer promoted these investments in order to strengthen British political control, and not the other way round. The British held on to Egypt for the sake of their empire; they did not hold their empire for the sake of Egypt. Even the Boer war was not a pure war for financial gain. British policy in South Africa would have been exactly the same if there had been no gold-mines. The only difference is that, without the profits from the dynamite-monopoly, the Boers would have been unable to put up much resistance. Rhodes was a great scoundrel in Radical eyes, and quite rightly. But not for the reasons that they supposed. Rhodes wanted wealth for the power that it brought, not for its own sake. Hence he understood the realities of politics better than they did.

Those who explained Imperialism in terms of economics were rationalists themselves; and therefore sought a rational explanation for the behaviour of others. If capitalists and politicians were as rational as Hobson and Brailsford, this is how they would behave. And of course a minority did. They took their profits; agreed with their enemy in the way; and died quietly in their beds. But they did not set the pattern of events. It is disturbing that, while Hobson and Brailsford were so penetrating about the present, they were wrong about the future. Hobson ignored Europe altogether—rightly, since he was discussing colonial affairs. He expected the international capitalists to join in the exploitation of China and even to recruit Chinese armies with which to hold down the workers of Europe. Brailsford looked at Europe

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only to reject it. He wrote—this in March, 1914: "the dangers which forced our ancestors into European coalitions and Continental wars have gone never to return." And again, "it is as certain as anything in politics can be, that the frontiers of our modern national states are finally drawn. My own belief is that there will be no more wars among the six Great Powers." Even if there were a war, "it is hard to believe that . . . German Socialists would show any ardour in shooting down French workmen. The spirit which marched through Sedan to Paris could not be revived in our generation." It may be unfair to judge any writer in the light of what came after. Yet men with far less of Brailsford's knowledge and intellectual equipment foresaw the conflict of 1914, and even the shape that it would take. The true vision of the future was with Robert Blatchford, when he wrote his pamphlet, *Germany and England*, for the *Daily Mail*.

This is a sad confession. Hobson and Brailsford are our sort. We think like them, judge like them, admire their style and their moral values. We should be ashamed to write like Blatchford, though he was in fact the greatest popular journalist since Cobbett. Yet he was right; and they were wrong. Their virtues were their undoing. They expected reason to triumph. He knew that men love Power above all else. This, not Imperialism, is the besetting sin. Lenin knew it also. Hence, though a rationalist by origin, he turned himself into a wielder of power. Thanks to him, there is nothing to choose between Rhodes and a Soviet commissar. Nothing except this: the capitalist may be sometimes corrupted and softened by his wealth; the Soviet dictators have nothing to wear them down. If the evils which Hobson and Brailsford discovered in capitalism had been in fact the greatest of public vices, we should now be living in an easier world. It is the high-minded and inspired, the missionaries not the capitalists, who cause most of the trouble. Worst of all are the men of Power who are missionaries as well.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Neer Again, Said I

Neer again, said I
Wad I eer dree
The blythe and bitterness
The hichts and deeps o luve—
Neer again, this was the end
And we, gane throu the gleid,
I and mysel, the bard and me,
What need had we o luve
That had the fearfu memories?
—What need indeed?

And sae wad be content
A dozent drouthie bard
Wi's life and leid and granderie
Ahint him on the road—
Then cataclysm! And
See nou, bumbazit baith,
I and mysel, the bard and me,
Confront the second comin
O' the twin goddess and god
—Luve and his sister Daith.

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH

dree, endure; *gleid*, fire; *drouthie*, thirsty; *leid*, poetry; *bumbazit*, bewildered.

Palace of Art

Poet and Painter: Correspondence between Gordon Bottomley and Paul Nash 1910-1946. Edited by C. C. ABBOTT and ANTHONY BERTRAM. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The inception of this friendship was described in *Outline* by the younger of the correspondents. Paul Nash was a young man with (as he afterwards told Bottomley) "a head full of golden pictures and precious little natural ability to carry them out." At nineteen, he had "fallen under the disintegrating charm of Pre-Raphaelitism," fixed on Rossetti as his other self, and started to write verse. Then came a partial switch to Blake, under whose impact he became a visionary. Meanwhile, he was attending a commercial art school in Bolt Court—and lingering every night, on his way home, to brood on the "low-talking" Alderbourne, and other, more unearthly sounds.

That was where Gordon Bottomley came in. He was then thirty-six: a lifelong invalid up in the North, who had achieved a "cloistered" kind of fame and moved, by letter, in distinguished circles. Paul seems to have known nothing of him, until a friend of the family lent him "a thin, square book with an ominous title, *The Crier by Night*."

> Throughout the ghostly drama a dark mood prevailed. . . . This mood, the nocturnal scene, the mysterious, horrific nature of the Crier and the extravagant poetic language seemed to accord with my own imaginative experience—my familiar world of darkness, the voice of the Alderbourne and the giantesses of the night skies.
>
> Without considering the sanctity of property I began to illustrate the book . . .

Its owner sent it to the poet, "covered with drawings and grime"; and Bottomley sent Paul into the seventh heaven.

> I wrote back eagerly, pouring out my hopes and doubts, my troubles and ambitions, and received in reply an even longer letter . . .

It is obvious that, talent apart, Paul Nash made an enchanting *protégé*. All kinds of people took him up—clearly, he always half expected to be taken up; nor was he much surprised to get a one-man show and sell his pictures within a year of leaving the Slade. But this first bouquet, in his earliest dawn, was a surprise unparalleled. So his elation is not strange; and it seems natural that a delayed-Victorian poet, who knew a great deal about art, and who was likewise a Rossetti-worshipper, should have been thrilled by his beginnings. The strange thing is that once the correspondence had been launched they kept it up—in spite of scanty meetings, rapid divergences of view, and two world wars—till Nash's death in 1946. The sage stayed put, or very nearly; the pupil overhauled him in years, shot far ahead into "modernity," and made an infinitely bigger name in what, to his old mentor, was a sorry style. But their admiring fondness never flagged; and the ex-*protégé*, famous, surrealist and middle-aged, always preserved some strain of the indebted youngster.

This must be called a feat in itself. As time went on, they wrote less often, and might be silent unaccountably for years—but they were sure to pick up on the other side. There are three periods at which the bond was closest, and the letters have a special interest. And first, of course, the golden period when they began: while Bottomley was still the oracle, and Paul the marvellous boy, doing the right thing (that is, imaginary scenes with figures) and sending all his work post-haste up to the North. Bottomley never ceased to feel that such "inventive" drawings were his true *métier*—or to denounce Sir William Richmond as the snake in the garden. Paul had "accrued" this venerable friend, among his earliest; and one day the old man, with (as the poet insisted) mid-Victorian guile, had said to him, "My dear dear boy, you have a great feeling for nature I think." And after that, nothing was ever quite the same. The neophyte addicted himself to landscape, found out that "figures had no place in his pictorial expression," and ended, paradoxically (in

the poet's view) by "denying" nature. This woeful change started within two years of the *Crier* episode. But ten years afterwards, they were once more extremely thick, and in complete accord. That was in Nash's theatre phase, when he was making drawings and sets for *Gruach* and *King Lear's Wife*. These he admired with his whole being; while Bottomley said his interpretations were a "miracle"—they were the thing itself. Then the phase tapered off; their paths diverged again, the painter's life became more crowded, and for long years he was lost to view. But the affinity survived; there is no doubt it was a true affinity. From first to last, both felt they had "a secret world in common." Paul described Gordon's plays as "the sort *he* would have liked to write if he had been a dramatist"; and though the older man thought all these modern recipes and "tiresome ffrenchmen" a sad blunder, he "always remembered to be *au fait*," seeking the early Paul under the skin. And they drew close a third time, near the end: when they were both "Olympians" and "crocks," and in effect of the same age, and full of shared nostalgia. Paul had been writing his biography, and it had led him back full circle to the golden dawn.

> I rediscovered my early life, how good it was & How complete in a way. When I came to look into the early drawings I lived again that wonderful hour. I could feel myself making those drawings—in some ways the best I ever did to this day.

Which rounds off the whole friendship, very movingly. Of course some patches are less interesting, and there are some loose ends. I wish the affair of the bumbleheaded Dutchman were cleared up—for that is really a sore spot. But one can see the editors are not to blame; they have done all that was possible, and perhaps slightly overdone the notes. The illustrations are abundant, various and fascinating. And one is left agog, not only to re-view Paul Nash, but to explore those "inspirational" poetic dramas—the elusive *Crier* for a start.

K. JOHN

A Residuary Culture

The French Canadians 1760-1945. By F. MASON WADE. *Macmillan.* 36*s.*

In history, as in zoology, there is a "residuary fauna"—detached peoples isolated from their kind and arrested in an earlier stage of development, like the Carthaginian elephant or the Tunisian crocodile. Who can think of the Boers as heirs to the liberal traditions of Erasmus and Grotius, the mercantile genius of Amsterdam? Of course they are not. They are the heirs of inland Calvinist peasants of the seventeenth century, detached from the Holland we know, severed from its culture, and fossilized in a later English invasion. They have become provincial fanatical, retarded. Similarly, who can regard the French Canadians as French, members of *la nation civilisatrice*, the country of reason and the ideas of 1789? They have become a residuary people, multiplying defensively in their native reserve while the English settlers have expanded around them: a timid, defensive, prickly community, jealously preserving not the liberal French ideas that we know, but the provincial and obscurantist ideas of the peasantry and *petite noblesse* of the *Ancien Régime*.

The French Canadians are Frenchmen without the French Revolution. Indeed, their only philosophy seems to be hatred of the French Revolution, and the only British war which they have whole-heartedly supported was the war against that Revolution. Equally they hated the Third Republic, preferring Mussolini, Franco and the clerical dictators of Latin America. Since 1789 the only occasions when they have felt sympathetic to their mother country have been in the later, clerical days of Napoleon III, when the peasant journalist Louis Veuillot was uttering his detestable obscurantism, and in the reign of Marshal Pétain. It is true the rebels of 1837

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

paraded, for a time, the tricolour and the Phrygian cap; but not for long. The rebellion soon showed its authentic colours: nationalist, conservative, anti-Semitic. So did its demagogic leader Louis-Joseph Papineau. In 1850 the government proposed to abolish the obsolete seigneurial tenures of the French *Ancien Régime* in Canada. Papineau, who had just declared that he was "more than ever the impassioned friend of democratic liberties, the enemy of kings, nobles and priests" oddly opposed this overdue social reform. "I am a great reformer in the matter of necessary political changes," he declared "but I am a great conservative in the matter of preservation of the sacred right of property." Seigneurial tenure was to him a particularly sacred form of property: he was himself *seigneur* of Montebello.

I cannot say that, having read Mr. Mason Wade's excellent book, I am greatly drawn towards French Canadian culture, though I now know more about it than I did. I prefer the French, or even the Canadian. But perhaps no "residuary" culture can be very attractive. A colonising people, overtaken and surrounded by more enterprising colonists of another race, must necessarily develop certain angularities, and the onus of political sense lies upon the dominant, not the conquered, people. The British have not found it easy to govern European peoples who have a past—they have found it difficult enough to govern even the Irish, who have none. But on the whole French Canada has been their most successful experiment. There have been black periods of course: the uncontrolled carpet-bagging in the early nineteenth century, in the days of the "Château Clique," and the vulgar imperialism at the end of the century, in the days of Joseph Chamberlain; and these aggressions have naturally led, as in Ireland, to outbursts of nationalism, often clerical in its form and direction. But the great landmarks of British policy in Canada—the Quebec Act of 1774, the Constitutional Act of 1791, the Durham Report and the Union Act of 1840, the Confederation of 1867—have been gestures of conciliation which enabled a liberal party to emerge even among the prickly French Canadians, and helped to create a new nation, and to alter the balance of population, without a civil war. This is more than the Americans have been able to do, even without such initial difficulties, in their part of the continent. It is also better than the record of the British in Ireland or South Africa, where they have been able to dominate the country economically, militarily and politically, but never, as in Canada, numerically. This is perhaps the crucial difference. In Canada, the settlers of British origin were only three per cent. of the population in 1774; they have been 70 per cent. since 1870. They have colonised, cultivated and peopled an empty continent while the French Canadians—whose ancestors, the *coureurs de bois*, once explored from Hudson Bay to the Mississippi, and whose cousins the French were busy colonising a new Empire in Africa and Asia—have sat still.

Mr. Wade's book is long and detailed, perhaps too long and detailed (and too purely political) to sustain easily all the interest that it evokes. But how much it evokes! I only wish he said more about geography and economics, recreating more of the social life of the people, and perhaps even helping the lay reader with a *useful* map. But it is an admirable and informative book: objective, liberal, scholarly. From his handling of religious questions no one would guess his own religious beliefs, which are Roman Catholic. Or would one perhaps from his use of that word "Jansenist," which is now so fashionable, but so loosely used, among his co-religionists? French Canadian Catholicism, he says, has always been somewhat Jansenist, and he learnedly supposes a connection with Port Royal. But in fact this assumption soon gets him into difficulty, and within forty pages he is quoting the statement that "no Jansenist is to be found here; there is even suspicion attached to people who know what one is." In fact is it fair to ascribe to Jansenism, that great mystical movement, the sour, petty parochialism which is found in all struggling colonies, whether Catholic or Protestant—in Calvinist New England and South Africa as in Catholic Ireland and French Canada?

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

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The Arab Westernised

Sa'udi Arabia. By H. St. JOHN PHILBY. *Benn.* 30*s.*

Middle East Survey. By S. A. MORRISON. *S.C.M. Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Egypt's Destiny. By GENERAL NEGUIB. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Here are three books which all deal with the problem of westernisation in the Arab world. As Mr. Philby, a learned and passionate devotee of Arab culture, sadly admits, the whole ethos of the theocratic state created by King Ibn Sa'ud has been corrupted by a few years of contact with the American oil companies. In Egpyt the Revolutionary Council, of which General Neguib was the Chairman until he was thrown out last year, is seeking to carry out a social revolution which combines westernisation with the progressive reform of Islam. It is still too early to say that this attempt to repeat in Egypt what Kemal Ataturk did in Turkey has failed. But it is already clear that the twelve young officers who compose the Revolutionary Council are operating breathlessly in a political vacuum. They have knocked down the political house of cards on which the rule of the Pashas depended, but so far they have failed to create any party or political movement to replace it. Against his will, Colonel Nasser has been forced to institute an autocratic dictatorship because there is neither a middle class nor a working class capable of independent political action.

Why does the Arab world present so many obstacles to the would-be revolutionary? In his studiously impartial *Middle East Survey*, Mr. Morrison, a Christian with years of missionary experience behind him, exposes the widespread delusion that Islam provides a sufficient explanation. Climate, the outrageous system of landlordism and usury, and the political carve-up which followed the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, are each of them a more important factor. After 1918 completely artificial nation states were established, some of them equipped with the paraphernalia of Parliamentary democracy, and all of them satellites of France or Britain and distracted by dynastic rivalries. Only in Sa'udi Arabia did a genuinely independent Arab state emerge, thanks to the remarkable qualities of Ibn Sa'ud, the warrior leader of the Moslem Brotherhood, who carved out a desert Kingdom by religious war. Elsewhere, power fell into the hands of those cliques of professional politicians favoured by the Foreign Office or the Quai d'Orsay; and the pan-Arab movement for independence was fragmented and corrupted, first by the political rivalries of the Great Powers and then by the discovery of oil.

Mr. Philby tells his tragic story from the point of view of an Englishman who, very early in his life, fell in love with the Beduin, became a close personal friend of King Ibn Sa'ud and had first-hand experience of the rise and fall of his puritan regime. Romantically in love with the vanishing austerity of desert life, he is full of bitterness at what has happened and seems to regard it as a ghastly but quite inevitable surrender to Progress. Mr. Morrison, who starts from a most useful factual survey of the Israeli-Arab dispute, is full of well-intentioned suggestions of what Britain and America might, but certainly will not, do to help. But he is not much more hopeful than Mr. Philby that the Arabs will ever be able to help themselves.

Against this depressing background, *Egypt's Destiny* makes refreshing reading. True, its importance has been lessened, first by the General's reliance on an American "ghost" and, secondly, by the fact that the revisions required by his downfall have been spatchcocked awkwardly into an earlier version. Nevertheless, this brief autobiography leaves a clear-cut impression of soldierly candour and simplicity, which reflects the character both of Neguib himself and of the whole Revolutionary Council. He makes you feel the exasperation of an able young Egyptian under the Cromer regime and of an honest and fearless soldier under Farouk; and his description of the revolution itself is faithful to its spirit, even if some of the facts he relates are suspect. This is a very honest self-portrait, which reveals to us more about the Arab independence movement than any book I have read since George Antonius's *The Arab Awakening*.

> "In 1913, after my father had been transferred back to Wad Medani, I entered Gordon College in Khartum. My education had begun with a thorough study of the Koran, which has never failed to give me strength in my hours of need. . . . In Palestine [during the war in Israel] I read the Koran for half an hour every day. As a boy I used to read it in preparing for my examinations. It helped me to obtain high marks if only because it filled me with self-confidence. Unlike some people, I have never read the Koran merely in the hope that it would bring me luck. I have read it, instead, in order to increase my command of the Arabic language and also to exalt my spirit. Luck, I have found, usually abandons those whose spirits are low."

Reading this passage, I feel both an intense sense of kinship and also a baffling remoteness. Forced to live in two closed systems, the westernising Arab is in danger of becoming a stranger to both of them.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The new Penguins include two additions to the Penguin Classics—J. A. K. Thompson's *The Ethics of Aristotle* (2*s.* 6*d.*) and J. M. Cohen's rendering of Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, a new translation based on the text and commentary of Jean Plattard (5*s.*). Modern fiction is represented by Robert Graves's *Count Belisarius* (3*s.* 6*d.*) and Walter de la Mare's *Memoirs of a Midget* (3*s.* 6*d.*).

New Novels

Nothing New Under the Sun. By RICCARDO BACCHELLI. Translated by STUART HOOD. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Mountain and the Molehill. By HONOR CROOME. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Diary of an Ugly Duckling. By MARIANNE BECKER. Translated by JONATHAN GRIFFIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing New Under the Sun is the last novel of Signor Bacchelli's trilogy *The Mill on the Po*, the first two parts of which appeared in English, under that title, three years ago. The whole forms a work of fiction on the grand scale, and though Bacchelli may not himself be among the greatest masters, at any rate he constantly reminds us of them and is not dwarfed to insignificance in the process. It would indeed be difficult to find a contemporary novel to set beside his trilogy. In a sense he is off the beaten track of modern fiction: his true exemplar is Manzoni; and the one criticism Goethe made of *I Promessi sposi* in his magnificent eulogy of the novel, that it suffered from too great a load of history, could certainly be made of Bacchelli's. Yet we must not make too much of this. As Bacchelli himself says: "We must note that history is above good and evil and the life and fate of the individual, all of which can be seen in their true perspective only after death has arrested their course." History, in other words is the additional element in which Bacchelli's characters live, and there is in a sense no story in his trilogy, though it is the story of successive generations of the Scacerni, a family of millers on the Po, only history, the history of a river and the history of the making of a nation.

When the trilogy begins, Lazzaro Scacerni is taking part in the retreat from Moscow; it ends with the death of his great-grandson in the Battle of Vittorio Veneto in October, 1918. It is, I think, a weakness of Bacchelli's conception that his characters are not the makers of history, but those marginal to it, the peasants, whose relation to the disturbances of historic events is similar to that to the capricious behaviour of the river on whose surface or on whose banks they earn their livelihoods. They are, almost by definition of their condition, dumb oxen. Their lives as peasants and millers are rendered with a beautiful and humane sympathy, comprehensive and unsentimental; and considering their existences in relation to the rhythm of the seasons, Bacchelli combines poetic eloquence with exact observation: to find anything comparable with the chapters "The Garland Days" in *Nothing New Under the Sun* one must go to certain pages in Lawrence's *The Rainbow*. In all his characters' relations with nature and the earth, whether in their pastoral moods or in the cataclysms of hurricane and flood, Bacchelli is wonderful; but history—the wars with the Austrians, the struggles between Garibaldi and the Pope, the unification of Italy—overwhelms them; and in an enormous novel such as this, which contains so much of the stuff of epic, one misses all the time the epic hero.

Where Bacchelli triumphs is in what may be called his great set pieces, his descriptions of battles, of mobs marching, of the Po in spate and mills destroyed and meadows flooded. And yet in a way this is to be unfair to him. Like all the best historical novelists, Bacchelli is a conservative. He expects nothing good from history; indeed, his trilogy is, from one point of view, a record of deterioration, of the disintegrating effects upon the lives of the peasants of a succession of heresies, the principles of the French Revolution, nationalism, industrialism, socialism, secularism. These the peasants may not understand; but they cannot escape their corrupting influence; and it is plain that for Bacchelli the lives of the peasant and the miller represent the best possible for the bulk of mankind in a fallen state. For Bacchelli is a profoundly Catholic writer, Catholic in much the same way as Manzoni. "In Manzoni's conception of life," Father Jarrett-Kerr has recently written, "behind the story of man, behind the fiction as well as the historical fact, remains the Divine understanding." This seems to me equally true of Bacchelli, and it distinguishes him from almost all contemporary novelists, including the specifically Catholic. It enables him to put history, so to speak, in its place, to show it, as he says in the last sentence of his remarkable set of novels, as "a chronicle which began on another river on a night of disaster long, long ago, now lost in time which bears the days and ourselves and all things with it in the eternal cycle and the secret ways of God."

Mrs. Croome's and Mme Becker's novels make an interesting contrast. At the centre of each is an adolescent girl, but, oh, the difference in treatment: Mrs. Croome's as English as they come, Mme Becker's if not completely French in its intransigence, at any rate thoroughly un-Anglo-Saxon. I am bound to say I found Mrs. Croome's novel much the more sympathetic. *The Diary of an Ugly Duckling* is just what its title says it is, the diary of a fourteen-year-old girl whose dresses are "too long, too loose, made for next year," who believes herself ugly, hates her mother and her elder sister, adores her father and her puppy. She is also a formidably intelligent girl, and Mme Becker brilliantly impersonates the ardours and endurances of adolescence, the agonies of gaucheness, the sense of being different, the self-conscious egoism. All this I found excellent; but I found the plot of the novel, which we dimly glimpse through Cra-Cra's eyes as through a keyhole, much less interesting.

The Mountain and the Molehill is as delightful as it is intelligent, dramatic comedy in the sense of "a series of harsh complications having a prosperous conclusion—" at any rate a relatively prosperous conclusion. In part, it is a comedy of idealism, for the setting is a girls' school in Switzerland in the Twenties dedicated to high thinking and plain living—gym in the snow in a bathing costume at six in the morning. Into this closed circle of ardent spirits comes Sara Brennan, the

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orphaned daughter of the headmistress's closest friend and one-time coadjutor, whose marriage has appeared to her as a betrayal. Sara is as ardent, as eager to respond to the lofty demands, as any of them, but the headmistress Mlle Boissier's affection and high hopes for her can express themselves only through that love that chastises the more it loves. Mlle Boissier is a superb character whose idealism and integrity are never in doubt. Mrs. Croome handles her plot with great skill, but what most impresses is her sense of fairness to her characters: all are seen in the round and with fidelity and freshness. She is truly compassionate. If only she would write novels more often!

WALTER ALLEN

The Two Duchesses

Georgiana. Edited by the EARL OF BESSBOROUGH. *Murray.* 25*s.*

Dearest Bess. By D. M. STUART. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

In most private libraries the Regency shelf may be already bulging, but these two volumes will somehow have to be squeezed in; for nobody subject to the Regency fever can afford to go without them. A number of books have been written about the social and political activities of the Devonshire House Circle at the end of the eighteenth century, and there has been much speculation, without adequate first-hand knowledge, about what went on in the recesses of Devonshire House itself. The fifth Duke, it was commonly supposed, lived like a pasha with two wives, Georgiana, whom he had married as a girl of 17, and Lady Elizabeth Foster, whom he married after Georgiana's death. All three parties in this curious establishment had illegitimate as well as legitimate offspring, and many of these miscellaneous children were brought up together. Quite apart from the immorality of such proceedings, how did the trio contrive to live together in amity for over twenty years? The documents now published for the first time allow one to guess at an answer. Lord Bessborough prints a selection of Georgiana's correspondence from the Chatsworth Archives: Miss Stuart, in her biography of Lady Elizabeth Foster, besides using further manuscripts from Chatsworth, has had the benefit of that lady's private journals now in the possession of Lord Dormer. As in many ways the two books overlap, it is difficult to see any advantage in this duplication of research and rivalry of production: a two-volume book under a single editor would have been far more appropriate.

It is indeed high time for an American professor to come across and straighten out the disorder to which our amateurish, piecemeal way of publishing family treasures has reduced us. For instance, Lord Bessborough includes *Dearest Bess* in his bibliography, but Miss Stuart apparently has been denied similar access to *Georgiana* (or she would not indulge in lingering doubts as to whether the Duke was cognisant of Georgiana's bastard child). Again, Lord Bessborough does not mention in his foreword whether he had a free hand at Chatsworth, when selecting which letters to publish out of the 2,000 available. His text, moreover, is disfigured with "damned dots," for which he offers no explanation. The excisions are probably due to lack of interest in the material, but one wishes to know for certain. A faint aura of discretion overhangs the editing, as if only one skeleton at a time was to be let out of the family cupboard. Lord Bessborough is a devoted admirer of his remarkable great-great-grandmother, Georgiana's sister; but ancestor-worship may often conflict with the impartial requirements of scholarship.

The "flowing good nature" which so endeared Georgiana to all her contemporaries comes out clearly in the letters now published, although the personal charm which accompanied it is lost beyond recall, for she had none of her famous sister's exquisite gift of expressing herself on paper. It may be unfortunate that so much of the correspondence is with her mother and Thomas Coutts, the banker, and on the perennial subject of her debts: parents and bank managers rarely bring out the best in us. But, after all, debt was one of the main themes in her life. Georgiana was an inveterate gambler—she reminds her mother in one of her letters that she first learnt the habit in the nursery—and debts were the inevitable consequence, as she never seems to have won. It is a tribute to her delightfully carefree disposition that, encumbered as she was, she managed to present to society until her dying day her "face without a frown." Her mother and Coutts had plenty to frown over. Georgiana borrowed from them both and lied freely in return, on the sound principle of never telling one creditor what you have obtained from another. With such subterfuges at work the sum total of her indebtedness will probably never be known. Lord Bessborough hazards a guess at £100,000; Georgiana herself totalled up £60,000 at one juncture—and her allowance from the Duke was £2,000 a year! Periodically attempts were made to induce that gentleman to pay the lot, but the Duchess was scared stiff of asking her husband for cash, and far preferred to go on bleeding Mr. Coutts. Yet the Duke could have well afforded to settle the score, had he felt so disposed. "It is distressing *but not ruin*," he remarked once when presented with a bunch of bills (the Devonshire rent-roll amounting to £125,000 a year). How did this mean Duke, his generous Duchess and his designing mistress share the same roof for over twenty years without a *fracas*? The simple explanation of their contentment with each other seems to have been lack of jealousy. Georgiana was not a sensual woman—gambling acts like an antitoxin to sex—and was only too pleased to hand over her marital duty to Lady Elizabeth Foster, her dearest friend; Lady Elizabeth gratified the Duke without open scandal and gratified herself by living in the lap of luxury; while the Duke had the woman he wanted without any fuss or having to leave the house—a matter of supreme importance to a lazy, self-indulgent man. Besides the residents in Devonshire House, many notable characters of the period appear in the pages of *Georgiana*, the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox, and so on. There are only two letters, unfortunately, from Lady Bessborough; but James Hare contributes eleven superb expressions of the Regency attitude to life, wherein good feeling, hard common sense and a personal flavour are all exquisitely combined in a light, ironical tone.

Lady Elizabeth Foster has always suffered by comparison with Georgiana. Those who feather their nests assiduously never look well beside those who unfeather theirs with abandon. She was a vain, ambitious little creature with an attractive face like a marmoset, who used her good looks to advance her interests without scruple. Before reaching Devonshire House she had led a hard life and learnt to mask her true sentiments. By the time she wrote the diaries and letters appearing in *Dearest Bess* affectation had become second nature to her. Even when she records the worst time of her life, giving birth to her first illegitimate child in squalid secrecy near Naples, her accent is forced and the note of self-pity overplayed. She is watching herself in the mirror as she writes, and one is not surprised to learn that it was a favourite practice of hers in real life. Out of feminine loyalty or for some other peculiar reason, Miss Stuart has been unable to write a biography of this rather ordinary little go-getter without trying to glorify her. Moreover, Miss Stuart has a horrid habit of paraphrasing instead of allowing the documents to speak for themselves. Yet *Dearest Bess* is packed with interest, and one should not allow Miss Stuart's tiresome method of presentation to deprive one of its wealth of anecdotes and new information.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Philosopher of Mount Carmel

The Scholar and the Cross. By HILDA C. GRAEF. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

This is a study of the life and work of a woman who would have been remarkable both spiritually and intellectually in any century. A Prussian Jewess, belonging to a devout orthodox family, Edith Stein early lost her Jewish faith but never her passionate loyalty to her race. She died, along with hundreds of other Jews, in the gas-ovens of Auschwitz. By then she had been for thirty years a Catholic and, for the last eight, a Carmelite nun.

The natural bent of her powerful mind was philosophical. She was one of Husserl's most brilliant pupils and, both before and after her conversion, occupied an unusual position for a woman in German academic life. She wrote and lectured on philosophy and sociology; she was an ardent feminist and an authority on education. Her character, like her beauty, was noble and severe. Incapable of pettiness, she was, in spite of a rich capacity for friendship, somewhat intolerant of weaker and less gifted people. It was not till Hitler's rise to power checked her public career that she was allowed to do what she had long privately desired and, at well over forty, she entered the Carmelite order.

This meant a complete revolution in her life. She had now to learn instead of to teach; to obey with utter submission instead of exerting authority. Although her directors obtained the highly unusual permission for her to continue her philosophical work in this strictly enclosed contemplative order, this gave her no privileged position in the community. To her sisters in Carmel, the achievements of Edith Stein meant nothing. Sister Benedicta might have been considered "very clever" in the world but that did not make up for her clumsiness with her needle and her slowness at the sink. Yet Carmel was the soil Edith Stein needed both for her spiritual and her human development. Community life not only softened a certain rigidity in her but gave her a light-heartedness she had hitherto lacked. Her

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profound contemplation issued in a new understanding of the needs of others. For her, this growth in charity and spiritual discernment was more important than her philosophical *magnum opus* which she wrote in Carmel. This was *Endliches und Ewiges Sein*, an attempt to find a common language which would make scholastic philosophy intelligible to those trained, like herself, in Husserl's analytical methods.

Her superiors had hoped to save her from persecution by sending her from Cologne to a convent in Holland. She might even have been smuggled out of Holland when danger became imminent but, characteristically, she hated the idea of subterfuge. Moreover, she was afraid of endangering others. In 1942, she was arrested and deported. She spent her last days in Auschwitz comforting her fellow Jews and caring for their children.

Miss Graef has studied her subject with scholarly thoroughness and used every available source. Unfortunately, she was refused access to certain autobiographical material covering the time before Edith Stein's conversion which would have been of immense interest. One would need to be a philosopher, a theologian and a mystic to interpret the full import of Edith Stein's writings. In her efforts to do so, Miss Graef sometimes confuses, rather than clarifies, by incessant criticism and a somewhat nagging insistence on her own standards of orthodoxy. One longs for Edith Stein to be allowed to present her own thought without this running commentary from the author. But her treatment of Edith Stein's relations with her beloved and magnificent mother, who never became a Christian, and her understanding of the inner meaning of Sister Benedicta's vocation are admirable. Born on the Day of Atonement, her life in Carmel only intensified her deep sense of solidarity with Israel. Auschwitz was the culmination of what Edith Stein had wished her whole life to be: "a sacrifice of expiation for true peace."

ANTONIA WHITE

Nature in Hopkins

Gerard Manley Hopkins. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Longmans.* 2*s.*

Mr. Grigson's pamphlet (written for the British Council) stands out at once sharply detached yet freshly enthusiastic; although its scope is general the impression it leaves is vivid and precise. Perhaps this is because, besides having the qualities of a poet and a critic, Mr. Grigson is also an experienced naturalist. His approach is along the sure ground of nature-observation—the starting-point of so many of Hopkins's poems—and, without getting bogged down in controversy or metaphysics, he shows how the creatures in Hopkins's poems are enabled to praise God by "uttering themselves."

Within the essay his main point is that this simple approach has been too often neglected by "the commentators," and he gives three instances where a shaft of sense-perception makes intelligible what a cloud of etymology had obscured—for example, "how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing" in *The Windhover*. At the same time it must be confessed that his explanation of the sextet of this sonnet is less satisfying than that of the commentator-in-chief, Dr. W. H. Gardner. Mr. Grigson is splendidly selective, as he has to be in his brief compass, but he is perhaps a little peremptory about his predecessors.

> No commentator seems to have studied the wing-beating, hovering, gliding, swooping and recovering of the kestrel or windhover, a study which cannot be conducted inside a dictionary, a Cambridge college, or a religious seminary.

Not inside, no, but . . . Father Geoffrey Bliss had already made the same sort of acute observations in *The Month*, June 1936, as Mr. Grigson here; and, in one of his instances of commentators' blindness, his own interpretation of "windbeat whitebeam" (clearly the right one) has been anticipated by Dr. Gardner in his *Study*. (In parenthesis, Mr. Grigson's story of Hopkins in the Stonyhurst gardens has obviously suffered from re-translation; Lancashire gardeners don't say "Impossible! I took him for a natural"; they say, "Ee, A thot he was daft."

It is to be feared that a minor disadvantage of Mr. Grigson's peremptoriness may be an eruption of enthusiasts in shorts and with binoculars to do "field-work" on Hopkins. One remembers having to conduct a foreign expert across the hill behind St. Beuno's in search of the patient kestrel. Stifling this unworthy qualm, however, one finds Mr. Grigson's pamphlet wholly to be recommended. The way in which he works in, but subordinates, the biography of Hopkins to his poetic achievement is masterly and, indeed, beautiful. The stress he lays on the singleness of Hopkins's vocation may be taken as writing *finis* to a long series of misunderstandings.

CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN, S.J.

Back to the Land

The Battle of Crichel Down. By R. DOUGLAS BROWN. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Crichel Down," wrote the *Daily Telegraph*, "promises to become one of those names, like Speenhamland or Tolpuddle, which are elevated from obscurity to enduring fame by the events with which they were associated." Whether the fame will endure is far from certain: many of the characters in the story were suitably colourful, but the details were intricate. As Mr. Brown remarks in this extremely interesting and well-planned book, it is still not clear whether Crichel Down was a battle in the evolution of democratic government or a "mere political squabble."

There are reasons for believing, however, that the case will long be remembered for, like Speenhamland and Tolpuddle, it was concerned both with procedures and principles. The procedures received the most careful scrutiny at the time,

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particularly the procedures of civil servants: the principles were rather easily disposed of. In Sir Andrew Clark's public inquiry the question of who should have got the Crichel Down land was carefully excluded from the terms of reference, and attention was focussed entirely on the way in which the decision to transfer it had been reached. Remarkably little attention was paid, even in the Ministry of Agriculture itself, to the question of whether a state-owned, self-contained farm on Crichel Down was a feasible economic proposition. Only in Sir Thomas Dugdale's final speech, ending in his dramatic resignation, were general questions of the relationship between private land ownership and the public interest stated clearly, and the subsequent debate did not do justice to the issues on either side.

Mr. Brown makes out a good case for refusing to accept Sir Andrew Clark's apportioning of the blame between civil servants and politicians and for pinning greater responsibility on the political heads of the Ministry of Agriculture. He does not consider whether the Minister was wise to call a public rather than an internal inquiry, or whether the choice of Sir Andrew Clark as a one-man tribunal was a sensible one, but he does raise the prior question of whether the Minister, on taking charge of his department, had ever instructed his chief officials that there was to be a change of policy or emphasis. They appear to have been left—as perhaps the Minister himself was—to stumble upon the change rather than to make it deliberately.

On the role of the Civil Service in Government Mr. Brown is fair and just. The Crichel Down case revealed civil servants as ordinary human beings, a little less than angels and far less helpful to plain citizens. It is difficult to accept the lurid language of Commander Marten's counsel that the events uncovered made up "an ugly story of incompetence, intrigue and dissembling," but there were certainly inefficiency, faulty communication, gratuitous irritation and discourtesy. Above all, no single civil servant was in full possession of the facts of the case at any of the key points in the process of arriving at the decision. For this serious deficiency the cumbrous structure of the Ministry was largely to blame: the exposure of the facts revealed not a conspiracy but a muddle.

It is doubtful whether Commander Marten, the hero and not the martyr of Crichel Down, saw the issue in these terms. For him the prolonged affair was a personal battle, at times a battle against heavy odds, but ultimately a triumphant one. His triumph, however, while it clarified issues of procedure, did not finally settle issues of principle. Complicated question of land use can no longer be considered in feudal terms of assured possession or in Spencerean terms of Man versus the State. As Mr. Brown remarks, "not all the cart-horses between Crichel and Crieff can drag us back to the condition of a lost age. There are, of course, very few cart-horses left, which simply illustrates the point."

ASA BRIGGS

Shorter Reviews

Eastern Europe in the Socialist World. By HEWLETT JOHNSON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The most stirring outcome of the second world war was the liberation of Eastern Europe, not only from the Germans, but from its domestic oppressors. We have had to wait a long time for a faithful account of these great achievements. Even the most favourable observers, even Miss Doreen Warriner, have hinted an occasional doubt, betrayed a trivial reserve. At last we have a picture of the Promised Lands in which no blemish appears. This is a vital book for all who believe in the Soviet paradise and who await its coming here. The Dean of Canterbury has travelled everywhere in Eastern Europe, except apparently Yugoslavia; and he has seen what he set out to see—free nations composed almost exclusively of young people, their standard of life constantly mounting, and their gaiety inexhaustible. The authorities, we are asked to believe, are freely elected by an almost unanimous vote, and the police, who are ordinary working men, are universally popular. It must be an inspiration in these dark days when Western capitalism is diverting all its resources to destructive weapons to believe that in one part of suffering Europe heaven on earth has arrived.

My Forty Years at the Yard. By HUGH YOUNG. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*

Too many retired detectives' memoirs are ghosted by Sunday paper hacks; they read like frozen puddings farded with pigs' blood. Not so Commander Young's book, which actually communicates a tang of personality; if he were not so infernally discreet and constrained by officialdom he might have given us something really out of the common. As it is, it will do very nicely.

The Commander comes from the Black Isle in Ross and Cromarty and exudes Highland integrity; he reminds one a little of Inspector Macfarlane, who arrested Raffles. As a London police constable, in 1910, the subject of his first arrest was Horace de Vere Cole, the practical joker, who was pretending that Oliver Locker Lampson had picked his pocket. He retired in 1954 as Commander C.I.D., having been previously appointed Deputy Commissioner. He tells good stories about confidence tricksters, especially the famous William Robinson—to judge by his photograph, a typically pyknic physique with probably a hypomanic temperament to match—who took £40,000 from a Norwegian business man with a pretence of an ante-post betting coup so neat that he could not be prosecuted. His murder cases include Robinson—"I done it and cut her up"—and Podmore, who shot Messiter in the garage at Southampton. His most gruesome wartime revelation is of two old ladies at Blackheath who died at approximately the same time and were devoured by their starving dog. His best story of all is about the first telephone at Scotland Yard. The Commissioner arrived to find the engineers installing it in his office. "A telephone at the Yard!" he roared. "Certainly not! Take the thing out of my room! Why—we shall have the public ringing up next."

Lorenzo in Search of the Sun. By ELIOT FAY. *Vision.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Experience, if it teaches anything at all, teaches that writers who call D. H. Lawrence Lorenzo are artless rather than critical, eager enthusiasts expert only in gush. Mr. Fay—he teaches Romance Languages in an American university—has written a book which may conceivably be of some use to someone some day. Meantime, it seems very odd indeed. Mr. Fay has had the notion of collating all the accounts of Lawrence's sojourns in the United States and Mexico and producing as it were the synoptic gospel. By doing so he has at any rate saved future students of Lawrence the trouble of reading, and trying to square one with another, the reminiscences of Dorothy Brett, Earl and Achsah Brewster, Mabel Dodge Luhan and Knud Merrild. This may be of value; his comments on Lawrence's writing are quite another matter and belong to the category of noises of appreciation rather than to that of articulate judgment. What does "a powerful evocation of Mexico, past and present," tell us about *The Plumed Serpent*?

Philosophy and Analysis. Edited by MARGARET MACDONALD. *Blackwell.* 30*s.*

This book is an anthology of philosophical articles selected from *Analysis*. Founded in 1933 by a group of philosophers from Oxford, Cambridge and London as the vehicle of the new idea, *Analysis* can make a good claim to have maintained its position as the *avant-garde* philosophical periodical. In consequence the pages of this book provide as good a panorama as one could want of the various forces and influences that have been at work in philosophy over the last twenty years. In the beginning, analysis as undertaken by Moore and Russell was the paradigm of philosophy; then there was the iconoclastic influence of the Vienna Circle: and since the war there has been the return to the study of ordinary language, preached so passionately at Cambridge, practised so painstakingly at Oxford.

The founders of *Analysis* imposed a rule of brevity, the aim being to encourage succinct discussions of particular, detailed points and to discourage professions of faith and empty, general pronouncements. It cannot be said that the policy has been an unqualified success. Still, the main task of a new periodical is to introduce new standards: to expect it also to maintain them consistently is, it seems, to ask too much. The distinguished list of contributors includes Ayer, Geach, Ryle, Goodman, Lazerowitz, Lewy, Church, Nowell-Smith, Hampshire, Pears, Kneale, Schlick, Strawson, Black and Paul. The production is indifferent and the price high.

Ghosts of the Spanish Steps. By DANIELE VARÈ. *Murray* 18*s.*

Rome has been enlarged and altered almost out of recognition since Signor Varè knew it as a schoolboy, some sixty years ago; but even today, though the focus of fashionable life has shifted away from that quarter, the Spanish Steps are certain to be traversed,

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THE MAN who has been tempted to smoke something else for a while comes back to Craven like the prodigal returning to peace after suffering. And how bewitchingly his "first love" welcomes him. Slowly, yet irresistibly, the cool, slow burning Craven captivates once again and holds him in its deeply satisfying spell. How right Sir James Barrie was when he said Craven "*is a tobacco to live for*".

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Company Meeting

HOOVER LIMITED

ANOTHER YEAR OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

PRODUCTS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR EFFICIENCY AND QUALITY

THE Annual General Meeting of Hoover Limited will be held on 31 March at Perivale, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the annual review, which has been circulated to stockholders covering the year to 31 December, 1954:

The year 1954 has been the most successful in the Company's history. Both in turnover and profit we have far exceeded the record figures of 1953. The consolidated profit of £4,581,000 represents an increase of 49 per cent over 1953 and 187 per cent over 1952. Undoubtedly the last three years have seen a meteoric rise in the fortunes of this Company.

There were two external factors in 1954 which helped enormously, the early announcement about purchase tax by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the withdrawal of hire purchase restrictions in July. Both announcements were well timed from our point of view as they were instrumental in maintaining the demand for our products at a high level throughout the year, thus enabling us to achieve maximum economies in the operation of our factories. The results just announced afford ample proof that the Company has taken full advantage of the situation which developed during 1954, and all concerned deserve every congratulation.

THE HOME MARKET

Although the expansion of our business applies to both home and export sales, it is proposed first to review our operations at home.

Electric Cleaners: Home sales of Electric Cleaners have increased by 35 per cent, and we continue to hold our dominating position in the Electric Cleaner market. We are very proud of our existing range of Electric Cleaners, which enjoy a world-wide reputation for efficiency and quality.

Washing Machines: This was the first full year of sales of our new Mark II Washing Machine and we are pleased to report an expansion of 42 per cent in the total sales of washing machines. The Mark I machine is still tremendously popular and sales of this machine have continued at a high level. Combined, the sales of these two machines continue to dominate the washing machine market.

Electric Polishers: Business in our Hoover Electric Polisher has expanded along with our other lines, but turnover, considerable though it is, is relatively small in the Home Market compared with Cleaners and Washing Machines. It is in the Export Field that the Polisher has been most successful, especially in Australia, where Polisher sales are often as high as Cleaner sales.

Electric Steam-or-Dry Iron: The Hoover Electric Steam-or-Dry Iron was not introduced until November, 1953, and we have made great progress, limited only by our capacity to manufacture this new product. We believe that in the Hoover Steam-or-Dry Iron we have found another winner, and that as time goes on it will establish itself in the British market on a basis comparable with our Cleaners and Washing Machines.

F.H.P. Motors: Our Fractional Horse-Power Motor business has had a most successful year, sales in 1954 being more than double 1953. This is a most satisfactory result considering the tremendous competition in this field. Hoover Motors have established a very good reputation for efficiency and reliability.

THE EXPORT MARKET

Conditions have been extremely satisfactory for expanding business in the Home Market during the year 1954. Conditions were not as favourable in our Overseas Markets. We have always fully realised the need to keep our exports at a maximum and have kept on full pressure to this end.

We look forward hopefully to the day when the only trade barriers which exist between countries will be reasonable tariffs based upon a liberal interpretation of the countries' requirements.

Although we have been forced to manufacture in certain countries abroad, we realise that our main endeavours overseas must be in selling and wherever possible we have expanded our activities.

We are continuing to supply substantial quantities of our products to the American Market and our total dollar earnings in the United States and Canada compare very favourably with past years.

It is indeed gratifying to know that despite all our problems in the export markets of the world, and in this short Review only brief reference can be made to the major ones, we still sold 63 per cent of the total British exports of Cleaners and 50 per cent of the total British exports of Electric Washing Machines, both percentages in sterling value of exports. These figures do not include the sale of products manufactured overseas.

Research and Development: Since the war great strides have been made by our Research and Development Department. We are particularly pleased with their latest handiwork, our all Electric Washing Machine. It was introduced to the British Market at the Ideal Home Exhibition and has already received a great welcome. We are sure that it will be equally well received in the overseas markets.

It has been a year of great achievement on the part of all concerned and, as a result, Hoover men and women everywhere have profited. The Board is gratified to know that the Company is in such a strong financial position that it has been able to increase dividends and will also be able to pursue vigorously its policy of expansion.

DISTRIBUTION OF TOTAL INCOME

The Government, as in past years, continues to take the bulk of our profits in taxation. It should be borne in mind that most of our products are still subject to a high rate of Purchase Tax, and when this is taken in conjunction with Income Tax and Profits Tax, it is found that 5*s.* 5*d.* in every £ received by the Company is subsequently paid over to the Government.

In view of the big increase in our profits it is interesting to examine what happens to each £1 of income received by the Company. It is distributed as follows:

	s.	*d.*
Purchase Tax	4	1
Income Tax and Profits Tax	1	4
Wages, Salaries, and Superannuation	5	5
Materials	4	10
General Expenses, including depreciation, maintenance of buildings, rent, power, carriage, travelling, etc.	2	9
Ploughed back into the business		11
Dividends		8
	£1	0 0

It will be noted that the Government receives in taxation as much as the wages and salaries of all our employees.

PURCHASE TAX

Although many years ago our Hoover Electric Cleaner might have been considered a luxury used by only the select few, our Cleaners and Washing Machines are now sold to millions of British housewives and mothers who deserve relief from household drudgery. We believe that they should be made available to every housewife, and we intend to do everything we can to bring this about. Much as we would like a reduction in Income Tax and Profits Tax, we place in the forefront a demand for a reduction in Purchase Tax, the immediate effect of which would be to bring our labour-saving appliances within the reach of many more of the people who need them most.

We have never been a company to dwell on the past, but have always looked to the future to extend and enlarge our operations. The results for 1954 have set us a formidable target for the future, but you may rest assured that we shall do our utmost to record still further growth of the Company's activities throughout the world.

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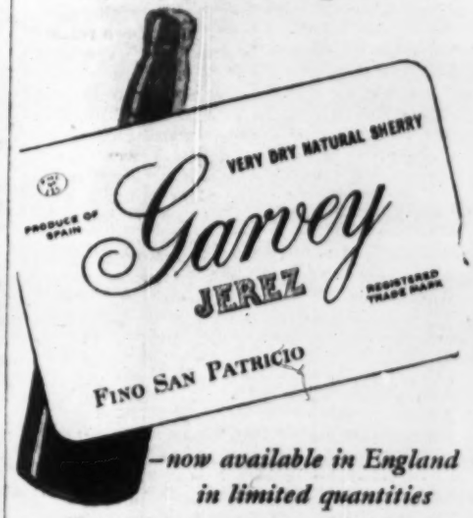

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more or less frequently, by all the notable residents and visitors. Consequently, almost any name can arbitrarily be linked with them. For the author of this book, they are no more than a pretext for assembling a heterogeneous collection of anecdotes and reminiscences, some historical, some personal. An indication that he does not take his own title seriously—indeed, not seriously enough—is that he knows or cares little about the ghost of Keats, forever associated with the house at the bottom of the Steps where he died in the arms of Joseph Severn. Misled by the fact that this is now the Keats-Shelley Museum and Library, he seems to think it was at one time inhabited by both poets simultaneously.

Signor Varè chats away, an old gentleman relying on charm of manner to disarm impatient criticism, about Madame Récamier and Pio Nono and Marconi and his own relatives and his pet dogs and the Bonaparte family and Ouida and so on and so forth. One feels that he could, and with a little encouragement would, go on for ever. He has some good stories to tell, and the long reach of his memory enables him to perceive and indicate some of the immense changes that have affected the whole fabric of Italian social life since the end of the nineteenth century. Though the book lacks form and purpose, there are many worse ways of idling away a few hours than in listening to agreeable talk, and Signor Varè's discursiveness never degenerates into dullness.

The Evolution of Germany. By JOHN A. HAWGOOD. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Here is Germany as a series of geography lessons. Statesmen, philosophies, even draft constitutions do not matter. Instead, we hear of "expansion," "movements for unification," rearrangement of frontiers, and, of course, the Elbe, everlastingly the Elbe. This method well conveys the ghastly repetitiveness of German history. Further, Professor Hawgood is determined to be free of any parochial attitude to time: he starts with various age-old essentials—antagonisms between east and west, towns, forests, population; next, a study of attempts at German unity, from Hitler backwards to 1800. We are then whisked away to Augustus "who secured the line of the Danube" and thence breathlessly on to Dr. Adenauer.

Professor Hawgood's thesis is that Germany cannot be understood (or judged) without recalling that, from the time of *homo heidelbergensis* until 1866, the Germans were the harmless "old men of Europe." But a solution of the German problem is not made easier by being told it once did not exist. Professor Hawgood is also unforgivably unforgiving towards the 1848 Liberals, as much to blame as anyone that Dr. Adenauer's Germany enjoys rather less generous frontiers than Henry the Fowler's. This prompts the question why the book is named as it is; Germany has never yet changed maturely at all, much less "evolved." All one can do after reading it is to echo the remark of the author of *When William Came*—"Happy is the country without geography."

Culture and Human Fertility. By FRANK LORIMER and others. *Unesco : H.M.S.O.* 25*s.*

The rapid increase in the world's population is as big a problem as any we have on our hands. The interplay of biological and cultural factors in deciding the fertility of different countries or social groups is extremely subtle and contradictory. In the first half of this fairly long volume, Professor Lorimer has made a fresh attempt to generalise from the existing data. His conclusions are somewhat inconclusive, once one gets past the well-established contrast between the large families of peasant and tribal peoples and the smaller families of industrial towns. For some societies we have demographic data but only guesswork about cultural factors; in other cases the position is reversed. There is in general a regrettable ignorance about medical factors, such as the incidence and effects of malaria and venereal diseases.

One turns, therefore, with added interest to the four detailed studies in the second half of the book. Two of these relate to the Gold Coast: and in his contribution, Professor Fortes brings out very clearly the effect of the Ashanti kinship system in keeping fertility high. In certain districts of Uganda however, where the people also "desire children intensely," fertility is relatively low. The investigation of this by Audrey Richards and Priscilla Reining illustrates the obscurities of the subject all too well. Finally, by an intelligent use of census material, G. Mortara documents the relative unimportance of social as opposed to biological factors in Brazil where under present conditions each generation is nearly twice as large as the last.

CORRECTION

We regret that in the Selected List of Spring and Summer Books printed in last week's issue the publishers of H. A. Hodges's *The Pattern of Atonement* were given as Routledge, when this should have read S.C.M. Press; and that the publisher of *The Dark Bough* was given as Spearman, when this should have read Staples Press.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,309

Set by Buzfuz

Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a Party Political Broadcast by a member of a British Poujadiste (pro-Tax-Evasion) Party. Limit 150 words. Entries by April 5.

Result of No. 1,306

Set by C. L. Drummond

The victorious English team will shortly be home from Australia, its final Test over. Home, too, will come the team of correspondents, heavily committed to write books about the tour and still to face the test of publication. We offer the usual prizes for the best Cricket Journalist's Invocation to his Muse—any metre, limit 16 lines.

Report

Ah, but which Muse? Clio for the record? Euterpe, for Grace? or, as Alberick suggested,

> The ritual dance of twenty-two
> Will give Terpsichore her cue—

One thing was happily plain: Melpomene, Muse of tragedy, was Out. D. W. Barker indeed had to invent a new genius to cover the occasion:

> Come spirit strange and novel, Jubilation,
> Away alas old friendly Exculpation!

Whoever she might be, her help was besought for pelf:

> Make splendid, Muse, the story I shall tell!
> Make my book great! Above all, make it sell!
> (H. A. C. Evans)

for notoriety:

> I can't do as I choose, Muse!
> So please help me abuse, Muse,
> All the players (and umpires as well).
> Because my reputation is built on Sensation!
> So let's hot up the Ashes—and *sell*.
> (A. J. M. Synge)

and, above all, for lovely, beautiful prose:

> Oh, give me tongues, my patient note
> To fire with many a well-turned quote
> In German; from obscure divines
> Skill to cull curious cricket lines. . . .
> (Thomas Chitty)

And for the most part with such spirit that the rest of the report space must go to a list of Well Played—Michael S. Till, J. A. Jones, R. E. J. Locke, Pat Bullen, R. M. Synge. Winning hits by D. R. Peddy (two guineas), J. R. Till, Edward Blishen, G. J. Blundell and Nancy Gunter (one guinea each).

> Seeing that cricket fans expect the likes of me to wax near-poetic,
> Rather than to adopt an approach that is strictly phlegmetic,
> I would be grateful, Muse, for the loan of a modicum of erudition
> To assist me in my exposition
> Of the wonder
> Which was accomplished down under.
> I must remind you, Muse, that your cricketing public does not bargain
> For any lapses in jargain,
> And that though you burn the midnight oil and screeve till your eyes bubble you
> Will not be pardoned for writing "caught" when you mean "l.b. dubble-you";
> That making googlies and leg-breaks and spinners
> Sound like some Ancient Greek saga is what provides this scribe with his lunches and dinners.
> Furthermore, that unless by some means I am endowed with that divine frenzy engendered in so many by

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WHERE TO STAY

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

PORTMEIRION. The Hotel opens for its 29th season on April 7 with further embellishments and amenities. The 7th edition of the finely illustrated Peninsula Guide "Portmeirion Explained" together with tariffs may be had for 2s. 6d. from The Secretary, Portmeirion, Penrhyndeudraeth, Merioneth.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village, excellent beach, near Broads/Sanctuaries. Carefree holidays, comfort, good food (vegetn. catering available). S.A.E. Woodbine Guest House. Tel. Hickling 236.

ROSELAND, Cornwall. For Spring and Summer holidays. Small Guest House on sea edge. Safe bathing. Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan. Tel. 350.

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful view, rooms and food. Hot baths, log fires. 7*gns.* inclusive. Box 3819.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7*gns.* Summer 7½-9*gns.*

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on W. Cornish coast. 5½*gns.* Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

BUDE, Cornwall. Spend a carefree holiday in the friendly atmosphere of the Hawarden Hotel, which adjoins surfing and bathing beach Tel. 147.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

EASTER in the Cotswolds. Good food, beautiful country. Cent. htg., H. & C. all rooms. Res. Proprietors. Cotswold House Hotel, Chipping Campden, Glos. Tel. 330.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers ideal accom. for country-lovers. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

OLD Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Guest House. Central heating, h. & c. every bedroom.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside, within reach of Eastbourne. Good food; comfy beds; spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Horam Rd. 32).

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac 286 Carn Haven Guest House, facing sea. H. & c. Slumberlands. Pre-war catering. 5½/7*gns.*

HONEYWOOD House, Rowhook, Nr. Horsham, Sussex. Ideal for restful and recuperative holidays. Beautiful country house set in 10 acres of lovely grounds. Central heating or electric fires. Wireless every room. Excellent cuisine. Vegetarians specially catered for. Tel. Oakwood Hill 389.

ARE you going round the bend? Then do so at Whiddon Down and arrive in Chagford, S. Devon, where Peace, Beauty & Relaxation will straighten you out. Apply Secretary, Chagford Hotels Assn., Devon.

CORNWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac 285. Homely Guesthouse facing sea; farm produce, ev. comf. Excellent catering. 4½-6½*gns.*

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

FOR enjoyable days and comfortable nights stay at Ty Llwyd Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales. Good walking, motoring, fishing. D., B. & B., 5½*gns.*

SIMPLE country Guest House, Cotswold valley. Own produce. 5½-7*gns.* Easter weekend 18s.-21s. daily. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

APRIL & May Holidays at Winter terms at Normanhurst. Rec. by rdrs. The small friendly hotel for warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Climate." 4½/7*gns.* (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms), fully inclusive. Cen. htg. everywhere. Slumberlands. Illus, brochures. Facing Sth., opp. covrd. prom.; Nr. Sun-Lounge orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784. Also bkng. for Summer, 5½/8*gns.* Book early.

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9*gns.* weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure: The Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

PAYING guests welc. Modernised farmhse., ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

SOUTH Devon. Glen Cottage Period Guest House, Street, nr. Dartmouth. Overlooking sea. Under new ownership. Excellent cuisine. Ideal touring centre. Vacancies throughout the year. Brochure.

DEVON. Country house, ideal relaxation, walks, touring. Liberal table. Own produce. Personal supervision. Indoor/outdoor recreational facils. From 4½*gns.* Hayman, "Bossell," Buckfastleigh 'Phone 3294.

NEW Guest House opening at Easter in Kent's lovely Westgate Bay. ½ min. sea, beautiful sands. Close to tennis, dancing and other amenities. Vacs. all weeks except July 23-Aug. 6. June 5½-6*gns.*, July 6*gns.*, Aug. 7*gns.* Children ½ rate. Helen Rainsford, "Kia-Ora," 35 Westgate Bay Avenue, Westgate-on-Sea. Thanet 31423.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith (via Stockport). Mountain air, home cooking, personal attention. Brochure.

OXFORD, Croft House, Burcot, Oxon., offers you warmth & comfort in sheltered sunny aspect. Thames-side gardens; hard tennis crt., billiards. Club Lic. A.A., R.A.C.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Noted for comfort and good food. Facing sea. A.A. recommended.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

CARR Bridge, Struan House, Inverness-shire. Comf. country house; large garden, own produce & poultry; home cooking. Golf, fishing, walking. Ski-ing with Austrian instructor. Brochure. Tel. 242.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Vacancies for Easter. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

RYE, The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction; cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

MULLION, South Cornwall, Mount's Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. Friendly, informal. Club licence. H. & c. all rooms. Brochure with pleasure. Proprietors Mr. and Mrs. R. Poynter.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London. 7*gns* p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel 548. Application, up to April 2, by writing only.

JUSTINS, Bodiam, Sussex. Unique Country House with every comfort, set in lovely countryside overlooking moated castle. Club licence. A.A. listed. Write for illustrated brochure. Tel. Staplecross 228.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Gst. Hse., Combe Martin. Min. sea. Ex. walk/touring cen.

COTSWOLDS. Walking weekends. Private house Chipping Norton. Bed, breakfast, evening meal. 15*s.* Box 5343.

BURGH Castle. Country House, large garden, near Broads, Roman ruins, yacht station. 3 miles sandy beach. Gorleston (beach hut). Ideal family holidays. 4 miles Yarmouth. Stephens, Old Rectory.

BED and breakfast, homely, comfortable, modern conveniences. Inner spring mattresses. Also 4-berth caravans to let. No vacancies July 23-Aug. 6. Long Rock Garage, Penzance, Cornwall.

KENT. XVth Cent. Yeoman's Cottage. Secluded wooded Downs between Canterbury/Hythe. 5*gns.* weekly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford.

IT'S been a hard winter so book now for your holidays at King Charles I Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where you can rely on good food and comfortable beds. Terms 8-11*gns.*

LAKE District. Hotel in magnificent situation overlooking Buttermere. Ideal for walking and climbing holidays. Free fishing. Newly opened by Ramblers' Assn., in conjunction with Lake District Planning Board. Terms 5*gns*-7*gns.* per week including service. Leaflet from Manager, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland. Tel. Buttermere 209.

WEST Bay, Dorset. 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfast. 6*gns.* Bridport 311911. Box 5515.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Simple, thatched. Centre tours, lovely walks. Good cooking. 5½-7*gns.* Miss English.

EASTER at The Hallams, nr. Guildford, Surrey. Lovely setting, beautiful rambling country—excellent food, log fires, friendly atmosphere. Tel. Bromley 306811.

MOXLEY House, Holmbury-St.-Mary, Surrey (Abinger 2177), booking now for Easter, £8 Thurs. Din.-Tues. Bkfst. (min.). Tennis, Putting, Games Room, T.V.

SNOWDONIA. Stay at Noddfa Cottage, Beddgelert, for homely holidays. Mrs. Orkney-Wolk.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & C. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

CLEW Bay, W. Coast of Ireland. Enjoy your holidays here this year. Tariff from Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

BRAY, Ireland. Unattractive exterior but good food, comfy & inexpensive. 2 mins. walk sea/station. Fitzsimon, 35 Duncairn Av.

SWITZERLAND, Lake Geneva. Pension Mesangere, Chardonne s/Vevey. I. Jallard.

JUAN-les-Pins. Hotel Printania for good cooking, comf.; mod. prices, Eng. spoken.

MIEDERS, Tyrol, Austria. Hotel Lerchenhof. The place for a happy holiday. 40 minutes' bus ride from Innsbruck. Big garden. Swimming bath and tennis court nearby. Lovely spring flowers, excellent cooking. April, May, June, Sept., Oct. Austr. Sch. 50.-, July, Aug. Sch. 55.- per day. Service 10%, local tax Sch. -80.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin, 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

COTE d'Azur Typical Provencal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine, Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

COSTA Brava—second-class hotel offers special facilities for groups; beach 50 yards, dancing, tennis, excursions. Agent: Arthur Whaley, 99, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. MOL. 2105.

TYROL. Hotel Alpendilick, Zirl. 7 miles Innsbruck. 43*s.* 6*d.* dly. incl. Box 5523.

CAPRI.—An Italian family in the mountain village of Anacapri provide the best local wine, best local food and a very inexpensive pension in an inn with magnificent views of the island, only 10 mins. by bus down to the Piazza of Capri. Among those who recommend the inn are Mr. Peter Glenville, Mr. Graham Greene, and Mr. Cavalcanti. Address: Aniello Mariniello, Osteria-Locanda Aniello, Anacapri, Capri.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SPRING sun now on Côte d'Azur. Large private parc between sea and pines. Reduced rates wintec season. Brochure: Le Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good ckg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llfranch, Gerona.

SCHOOLS

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu Leman, Villeneuve (ns. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. Holiday course. Winter in the mountains! English refs. Prospectus.

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IN TEXTILES

The WHOLESALER helps the RETAILER

THE infinite variety of goods in the shops that sell Textiles* is made possible by the work of the Wholesaler. Through his warehouse and travellers, the Wholesaler offers the Retailer, for quick delivery, the pick of the products of many factories, not only in this country, but abroad.

This centralized service saves the Retailer time and money. It eliminates the need to visit scores of manufacturers. It simplifies his book-keeping. What is more, the Wholesaler gives the Retailer helpful credit.

The Retailer who buys from the Wholesaler is pursuing a sound economic policy.

(*Clothing, hosiery, drapery, millinery, footwear, soft furnishings, floor coverings and haberdashery).

This is the THIRD of a series of four announcements describing how the Textile Wholesaler helps the Manufacturer, the Retailer and the Nation.

Issued by

The WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Tib. 309

the conception of giving a leather ball such a number of bashes
As to retain a species of modern Holy Grail known as "The Ashes,"
The chances of the book reaching the hands of the cricket zealots at all
Are small. D. R. PEDDY

Marylebonia, Muse of my dreams,
Fashion my article so that it seems
A civilised, intimate patter that charms,
Beginning with Bedser and ending with Brahms.

Long have you guided me, helped me to pun,
On days at Old Trafford and days in the sun,
My pen—oh! so debonair—making the grade
With juxtaposition of baton and blade.

Stay as my Guardian when the young men
Are chummy in print about Denis and Len;
And now from the musical Press-box I see
Ludwig and Wolfgang enquiring for me.
J. R. TILL

Give me, O Muse, a wicket taking spin,
For spin it now I must: the yarn that's thin
Already from much telling. Give me speed—
That mine may be the first fanatics read:
O, having crippled Arlott, hamstrung Ross
(Giving me thus the fortune of the toss),
Help me to find some angle all my own:
Something with which to spice the too-well-known!
Is there no Scandal? no Sensation? no
Whisper to spread? "*But what of Tyson's toe!*"
Grant me—dyspeptic, publisher-beset,
Coughing from cigarette to cigarette—
A breezy tone of boyishness and zest!
And give me (this, O Muse, my last request)
The power to cast the old Mancunian's spell!
A Brahmsian innings . . . Now let's type like hell!
EDWARD BLISHEN

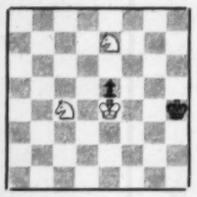
Of glorious battles on the level sward
Beneath Australian skies, sing, sportive Muse!
Sing to all England's and to my reward,
That we may find new profit in old news!
When over last revisions I sit humped,
Grant that I be not caught out in the slips
That lesser men may make; nor yet be stumped
For words to draw Australia's eclipse.
But give my book an innings free from chances.
Grant me a lucky break. Let critics cry,
"A hit!" and readers spare admiring glances,
And royalties come in most royally.
So may I find that in grey print such cash is
That I have raised a phoenix from the Ashes.
G. J. BLUNDELL

Come helpful Muse from cloud-pavilions high,
Like some dark midnight goddess bat-attended,
Now that this bright victorious Tour hath ended
Stop at thy wicket-gate
And set in spate
Such flow of Thought that I
Sing cheerful-cricket-wise
And pitch my lyre to please
The unborn centuries,
Win praise and recompense
Enow;
Bid me no cold "Good-byes"
But aid me, gentlest Muse, and henceforth thou
Shalt wear thy willow with a difference.
NANCY GUNTER

CHESS

No. 286 Two Knights and a Pawn

Every tyro knows that a couple of knights can never force a mate, but that it can be done in certain circumstances if the opponent is left with a pawn. No easy job, and yet one that any of us may have to tackle any day. Hence, our debt of gratitude to Dr. Euwe is enhanced by his thorough analysis (in *Schach-Echo*) of this ending in recent master practice (Bobotsov-Bogatirchuk). According to Troitzky, the mate can be forced (in the a1 corner) if the P is no further advanced than a4, b6, c5, d4, e4, f5, g6, h4. Thus, the present position must be won even when allowing for one further advance of the P, due to the "changing of the guards." The K will have to be replaced by a Kt who must not leave his post until his colleague has contrived the stalemate position to be converted to a mate in the 3 moves the P can be allowed to run. Now let us first see what actually happened.



(66) Kt-K3	K-Kt4	(87) K-K6	K-B3
(67) Kt(3)-Q5	K-Kt5	(88) K-K7	K-Kt3
(68) Kt-B6 ch	K-Kt4	(89) K-Q7	K-B4
(69) Kt(6)-Kt8	K-Kt5	(90) K-B7	K-Kt4
(70) Kt-Kt6	K-Kt4	(91) K-Q6	K-Kt3
(71) Kt-B8	K-Kt5	(92) Kt-Q4	K-Kt2
(72) Kt-K6	K-Kt6	(93) Kt-K6	K-Kt3
(73) Kt-B6	K-B7	(94) Kt-B7	K-Kt2
(74) Kt-Q5	K-K7	(95) Kt(7)-Q5	K-B1
(75) Kt-K3	K-Q7	(96) K-K7	K-Kt1
(76) K-B3!	P-K5 ch	(97) K-Q8	K-Kt2
(77) K-B2!	K-Q6	(98) K-Q7	K-Kt1
(78) Kt-B7	K-Q7	(99) Kt-Kt6	K-Kt2??
(79) Kt(7)-Q5	K-Q6	(100) Kt(6)-B4	K-R2
(80) K-K1	K-Q5	(101) K-B7	K-R3
(81) K-Q2	K-B4	(102) K-B6	K-R2
(82) K-B3	K-Kt4	(103) Kt-Q6	K-R3
(83) K-Q4	K-B3	(104) Kt-Kt7	K-R2
(84) Kt-B4	K-Q3	(105) Kt-B5	K-Kt1
(85) Kt-K2	K-B3	(106) K-Q7	K-R2
(86) K-K5	K-B4	(107) K-B7	resigns

Obviously, White can now proceed to Kt-Q5-Kt6-B8, etc. But if Black had played (99) . . . K-R2!! he could have bothered White to drive him to the "proper" corner.

(100) K-B7	K-R3		(112) K-Kt4	K-Kt8	
(101) K-B6	K-R2		(113) Kt-Kt3	K-Kt7	
(102) Kt-Q7	K-R3		(114) Kt-R5	K-Kt8	
(103) Kt-Kt8 ch	K-R4		(115) Kt(5)-B4	K-B8	
(104) K-B5	K-R5		(116) K-B3	K-Kt8	
(105) Kt-B6	K-R6		(117) K-Q2	K-R7	
(106) K-Q5!	K-Kt6		(118) K-B2	K-R8	
(107) K-Q4	K-Kt7		(119) Kt-Q5	P-K6	
(108) K-B4	K-R6		(120) Kt-Kt4	P-K7	
(109) Kt-Q4	K-R5		(121) Kt-Q2	P-Kt ch!	
(110) Kt-Kt3	K-R6		(122) K-Kt3!!	and mates next move.	
(111) Kt-B5	K-Kt7				

No space, alas, for a good many other interesting points of Euwe's excellent analysis.

A: Janowski

Since the great Troitzky has left us many ingenious studies of this very type I could easily go on harping the same tune. But I think we have well deserved some light relaxation, such as the 4-pointer. Here our beginners can do better than Janowski who played Q-R3 and finally drew the game. How could he have forced an elegant win in a few moves? **B** should be quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points if I add the useful hint that White to win should beware of a stalemate trap. **C** is also a win and should be well worth 7 points.

B: v. Jänisch

C: I. Birbrager 1954

Usual prizes. Entries by April 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 283. Set March 5

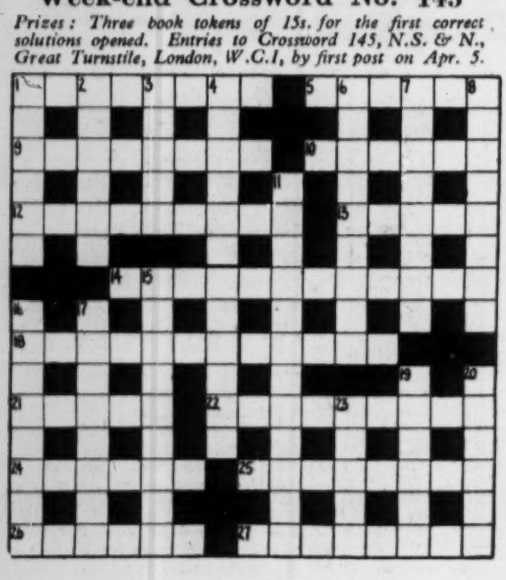
A: (1) Black should have played. (1) P-B6 ! (2) Q x Q, P x Q and two pieces are *en prise*.
B: (1) P-Kt7, Q-QKt1. (2) B-Kt6!, P x B. (3) P-B7, Q x BP. (4) P queens, Q x Q.
C: (1) Kt-B7 ch., K-K2. (2) Kt-Q5 ch., K-K1. (3) Q-QB8 ch., K-B2. (4) Q-Q7 ch., K-Kt1. (5) Kt-K7 ch., Q x Kt ! (6) Q x Q, K-R1 ! (7) Q-Q7 !, R-QR3 (QKt3). (8) Q-B8 (Q8) ch., etc.
(7) Q-K8 ch? refuted by B-Kt1. (8) Q x R, B-B2!
(7) Q-QB7? refuted by R-K3! (8) Q-Kt8 ch., B-Kt1

Even some of the crack-solvers dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by J. Ernest, G. S. Fisher, C. G. Hilton, B. Lodge, A. Schneider.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 145

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 145, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Apr. 5.



ACROSS

1. Geographer who shows a foreign sea about a mountain (8).
5. Provides too little space to give intensive study to a footnote (6).
9. Veronese house a chinless friar provides for rent (8).
10. The weapon to preserve less than none (6).
12. Republic for individuals in a Commonwealth country (9).
13. Before fifty a genius is in danger (5).
14. It is useful for restraining the violent and characteristic with a sailor in the company (12).
18. Peevish after doing odd jobs for the railway station (7, 5).
21. Belly laughter? (5).
22. Trace exit tortuously and get out of difficulties (9).
24. The dried fruit is in the water (6).
25. Marked the pages for the chief magistrate to read in the wrong order (8).
26. Cease from the rides I still enjoy (6).
27. Ordained and convertible into a saint indeed (8).

DOWN

1. Card for an unfinished organisation (6).
2. Rushing waters are quiet in attacks (6).
3. Gland is needed to complete the team he captained (5).
4. Corners for our stupid ancestors (6, 6).
6. Comes into view again to harvest fruit (9).
7. Plant in which the worker is above the manager (8).
8. What they wear on court when games are interrupted by what sounds like tea (8).
11. An outstanding performance for the commander of the ship and the oarsman (12).
15. Dives, but not head first (9).
16. Regal, but this is not quite enough to make one respected (8).
17. If wages go up, the rise is dissipated unfortunately (8).
19. The male holds a little bit up for the female (6).
20. When old age comes in to marry it is closely united (6).
23. Musician of the wandering tribe (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 143

P	E	R	I	M	E	T	E	R	S		C	R	I	B
U		A		A		E		O		C		E		A
M	A	N	D	R	I	L	L	S		R	E	F	E	R
P		K		T		E		E		Y		R		C
	D	E	C	E	I	V	E		S	P	E	E	C	H
P			N		I		M		T		S		E	
E	C	H	O		A	S	T	O	N	I	S	H	E	S
R		E		C		I		C		C		E		T
E	A	R	T	H	W	O	R	K	S		F	R	E	E
N		O		A		N		T		L				R
N	O	D	O	S	E		S	U	M	A	T	R	A	
I		O		E		S		R		S		H		A
A	L	T	A	R		C	A	T	E	C	H	I	S	M
L		U		S		A		L		A		N		O
S	O	S	S		G	R	E	E	N	R	O	O	M	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 143

S. B. Kissen (Glasgow), Rev. D. Hodgson (Winchester), B. Cashman (London, S.E. 21)

PERSONAL

ACCOMMODATION required in London household for mother (31) and son (3½) where Nanny can be shared. Own furniture if required, and can give full or part-time secretarial assistance. Box 5456.

GERMAN girl, 19, Higher School education, wants to live au pair with a family, London. Box 5571.

WANTED—Help children, live in with family; wage, nice room. Baker, Bell House, Mersham, Kent.

MAJORCA, flat for 5 to let till July; nr. beach; servant. FLA. 8667.

YOUNG baritone, after 4 years' serious illness, seeks patron for financial help, rehabilitation singing lessons, Box 5398.

TWO Jewish students (m.) going Edinburgh Festival 27.8.55-10.9.55 invite two similar to join them. Box 5273.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

AUSTRIAN, naturalised (m.), very experienced driver, seeks seat in car going to Austria (if poss. Vienna also), Easter. Drive and share expenses. Any offers? Box 5554.

HIKE-Hitch-Hike, France, Spain, N. Africa, starting May, invites three young types, cheerful, sturdy, dependable, mixed, any nationality. Box 5525.

EDUCATIONIST, mid-stream, would be glad to hear from middle-aged thinkers in any field interested in possibility of spending a creative holiday re-exploring, through emotionally and intellectually honest discussion, some basic human problems—perhaps: "evolution & education." Simple living, somewhere South, Aug. or Sept. Box 5162.

FREE week-end accommodation in inconvenient country house in return help huge garden. Bacton (Stowmarket) 210.

2 SEATS in touring car available. Tyrol. July 29-August 15. £10 return each approx. BAYswater 1773 evenings.

OFFICE to let s/c. 2 rooms Holborn, rear of 27 Red Lion St. Tel., sink, w.c. 58*s.* 6*d.* per week paid quarterly. CHA. 7000.

BACHELOR, 50, recovering nervous breakdown, appeals for kind home, Surrey, about 5*gns.* Box 5597.

SPAIN, enterprising young lady, 30, seeks companion (f.) for 2 weeks' hols. May/June. Or wd. join small party. Box 5669.

BACHELOR (38), photographer, good linguist, sociable, would like to accompany congenial group on tour Southern Europe this summer. Will share expenses and act as liaison with natives. French, German or Spanish spoken. Box 5143.

COMPANION (m.) wanted by man 45 (German origin), summer hol. Box 5078.

£400 available for active business interest. Details, references: Box 5393.

FREE accom. quiet N. Devon village offered pleas. couple or friends in return help of one knowledgeable gardening. Box 5363.

BLUEBIRD 4-berth caravan fitted elec./gas lighting & ckg., perfect condn. Suitable touring or home. £200. Ovenden, Southampton Lodge, Fitzroy Park, N.6 after 6 p.m.

JUNIOR partnership offered in Residential Country Club. Small investment. Natural Therapy, lectures, week-end conferences, book-publishing, etc. Initiative, energy & bright personality essential. Box 5342.

CHEERFUL offices to let, Westminster. Reasonable rent. Box 5697.

GARDENING, odd jobs, rent offd. by Woodwork Teacher. Or grad. wife offers enlightened child-shepherding with own girls 3 & 1 yrs. We seek pleasant caravan plot. Elec. boon. Wd. consider full-time employment in useful sphere. Box 5155.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 4813.

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

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BABY or child unable accompany parents abroad accepted long or short term. Summerfield, 36 Shakespeare Rd., Worthing.

FRENCH University Doctor coaches by post. All exams. Failure unknown. Translns. 8 languages. Proof-reading. Box 5338.

LOVER needs transport to keep trysts with loved one. No buses run, & walking means unleisurely departure. Will anyone with big heart and spare small automobile help? This is not an appeal for charity, but as near to it as my pride allows & pocket forces. Box 5327.

GENTLEMAN with some capital seeks another, also with some capital, with view to finding small coffee/sandwich/snack bar. Box 5315.

MONGOL baby accepted for residential care and manipulative treatment, highly recommended. Summerfield, 36 Shakespeare Rd., Worthing.

VOCATIONAL Guidance—advice offered to young people seeking career. Colin Sutton, 23 Marloes Rd., W.8. FRE. 8985.

RICHARD Massingham. A Memorial Programme of his films will be given at the National Film Theatre on Sunday, March 27, at 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. (tickets 6*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 1*gn.*, 3*gns.* and 5*gns.*, from Organising Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2), and at the Everyman Cinema, Hampstead, on March 28 at 8.30 p.m. (tickets 6*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* and 1*gn.*, from the Everyman). Proceeds from all performances will be devoted to a trust fund to provide for the education of Richard Massingham's son.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

CONFERENCES. First-class accommodation (single rooms) and catering, with ample lecture rooms, etc., available September and Christmas 1955 and Easter 1956. Descriptive broch. Apply, Warden, College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, Bletchley, Bucks.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

JOHN Vickers may be unable to photograph his due share of the World's Great Ones unless he discovers new living/working premises by June. 29b Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VICtoria 4915.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee. 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

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"SEX and Maturity": Apr. 22 week-end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for programme; also for details of new mid-week courses starting Apr. 19.

YES, the dislocation due to redecoration at 30 Abbey Gardens will be over when this appears and you should be considering a Spring photograph by Anthony Panting.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WESTern 5209.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390

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JERSEY, the Island that has everything for every holiday-maker. Gay Continental atmosphere, warm seas of Mediterranean blue; scenery that is a glorious kaleidoscope of the splendid, the quaint, the serene. Travel by British Railways or fly by British European Airways. Free literature from Box 324, Official Tourist Information Centre, Jersey, or Travel Agents. One Island—20 Resorts with the longest sunshine season.

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RUMANIA! For the first time since the war—glorious 16-day holiday in Bucharest and the Carpathian mountains! £60, covering travel, 1st class hotel accommodation and all excursions, etc., which are optional. Aug. 13-28. Send 2½*d.* stamp for free brochure: Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100*a*, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

TO disappointed Tourist Class cruise applicants. If you have been unsuccessful in obtaining accommodation on Mediterranean cruises this year we can help you in a novel way. Write now for details of our Spanish Holiday—six nights on an ocean liner, with nine nights in Spain—touring Andalucia by modern luxury coach. Inclusive cost from 49*gns.* Poly World Travel Service, Shipping Division (Section M), 311 Regent Street, London, W.1.

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HOLIDAY in Holland. Two rooms and kitchen avail. in flatlet, Amsterdam. May 29-June 12 or Aug. 1-15. Box 5674.

RELAX in the sun at the Holiday Villages of the Club Mediterranee of Paris. Capri, Corfu, Djerba, Elba, Palinuro, Tahiti. Underwater exploration and fishing, water ski-ing, French cooking, excursions. Full details from Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 75 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5. FREmantle 8887.

AIR Travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria, August 14 N. Italy, August 21 Spain, August 28 Yugoslavia. £35 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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GERMANY, the ideal holiday land; cheap, clean and beautiful. Rhine, Harz, Black Forest and Bavarian centres. 15 days, from £25 inclusive. Youth Hostels from £19. Write E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

ALLWAYS Train and Coach Tour of Italy offers exceptional value at 59*gns* for 16 days. Escorted throughout with lots of leisure. Many independent holiday suggestions and tours are detailed in our free booklet. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. 'Phone CHA. 6436/7.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Holland. . . . "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Ill. Broch.: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

CHILDREN'S Hotel—open all year. Every care—safe, sandy beaches. Thanet House, Reading St. Road, Broadstairs. 'Phone: Thanet 62547.

THERE is still time to join the party I am taking to the Bernese Oberland, July 3/16. Rail travel, comf. hotel, friendly company, ideal centre. Write: Richard Belton, Hillcroft, Winchcombe, Cheltenham.

ROMANTIC Majorca: July 23, 16 days holiday, 1st Cl. hotel overlkg. sea; all incl. by rail & 'plane, 39*gns.* A Bargain! Also Air Parties (Whitsun) May 28, July 23, Aug. 6 & 20: 52*gns.* Tel. 4767 (till 7.15 p.m.) Rugby Tours, 41 Claremont Rd., Rugby.

YOUR Continental holiday starts by viewing the new ideas in Beach and Swim Wear at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Pl., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Call or send for new 1955 illus. catalogue.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Costa Brava. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15*s.* Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10*s.* Plan now. Write or 'phone for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. N.S.12, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

HOTEL Plan Ltd. offer the finest choice of Continental holiday tours at prices that defy comparison. Typical 8-day holiday bargains including fare and hotel: Switzerland from 15½*gns.*, Austria from 15½*gns.*, Italy from 19½*gns.*, Belgium from 13*gns.*, Holland from 14*gns.* Couchettes from 15*s.* on our Special Train. Also Cruises and Coach Tours. Send for free programme to Hotel Plan Ltd., 2 Church Place, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. REG. 5701-8.

POSITANO Art Workshop, Italy. Open May-Oct. Ideal Art Holiday in picturesque fishing village on Neapolitan Coast. Studio classes in painting and applied arts. Small unregimented party May 26-June 19, £67. (No applications accepted after April 12.) Student/teacher party Aug. 4-28, £54. Individual registrations welcomed. Box 5667.

THE Paris studio in London. Heatherleys welcomes part-time day and evening students. 33 Warwick Sq. Westminster, S.W.1.

CHILDREN'S Holidays. Parndon Hall, Harlow, again offers country holidays. Ten ponies with resident Instructor, riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organize games and excursions. April 2 to 27. A few vacancies for Easter week. From 5*gns.* Mrs. K. Clare, J.P.

AU Pair posts, pocket money, 3-12 mths., for educ. yng. ladies wil. help chldn., light hswk. in exc. fam. France, Belg., Germ., Canada, U.S.A. Same arrangem. for foreign girls coming to England. Summer bkgs. shd. be made now. S.a.e. Educ. Tour. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

ODAM Hill Children's Farm, South Molton, Devon, welcomes boys and girls, 5-16, for Easter & Summer holidays. First-class food. Riding. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory course, April 13-18, for those wishing to join the staff of these co-educational summer camps for children of all ages. Details from Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.

P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme includes courses in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—also special "Musicians' Tours." Period 14-26 days, costs 26½-59*gns.*

P.P.S. Apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow Telephone: Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS month's Penguins: Count Belisarius—Robert Graves (3*s.* 6*d.*), Memoirs of a Midget—Walter de la Mare (3*s.* 6*d.*), The Missing Link—Katharine Farrer (2*s.* 6*d.*), Nest of Vipers—Tod Claymore (2*s.*), Plunder of the Sun—David Dodge (2*s.* 6*d.*); To Catch a Thief—David Dodge (2*s.* 6*d.*); Classics: Aristotle's Ethics—Trans. by J. A. K. Thomson (2*s.* 6*d.*), Rabelais' Gargantua and Pantagruel—Trans. J. M. Cohen (5*s.*); Pelicans: Animal Painting in England—Basil Taylor (3*s.* 6*d.*), Bird Recognition 3—James Fisher (3*s.* 6*d.*), The Colour Problem—A. H. Richmond (3*s.* 6*d.*), The Age of Shakespeare—Ed. by Boris Ford (5*s.*); Puffin Story Books: Malay Adventure—J. S. Phillips (2*s.* 6*d.*), Thimble Summer—Elizabeth Enright (2*s.* 6*d.*); Music Scores: Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations (3*s.* 6*d.*), Haydn's Symphony No. 100 in G (3*s.* 6*d.*). Please write for stock list to Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

CONTENTS of March "Plebs," "New Problems for the Co-ops.," by Tom Taylor; "Do We Neglect the Old?" by David Currie; "The Bevan Tape Recording," by J. P. M. Millar; "Full Employment"; "The Welsh Wizard," by Dugald McLean; "The Facts about the Stock Exchange Boom," by G. A. White; "Bristling with Bias," by J. P. M. Millar; "This Wicked World"; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6*d.*, by post 7½*d.*, or 7*s.* a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"A PLAN for Peace in Kenya," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in the March Labour Monthly. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all newsagents. Or 9*s.* half-year's sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Liberal Catholic." A quarterly magazine of literary quality. Critical, sympathetic examination of religion and mysticism. A stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Trial subscription, 7*s.* per annum, to 30, Gordon St., London, W.C.1.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for Lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38*a* Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Fellowship in Drama. The University invites applications for the above Fellowship from university graduates of a few years' standing who can submit evidence of ability in the writing of plays and who wish to devote a year of study to this interest. The Fellowship has the value of £400 and is tenable for the single academic year 1955-56 (October to July inclusive). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of the University with whom applications must be lodged by May 1.

PORTSMOUTH Education Committee, City of Portsmouth Training College. Principal: Miss D. Dymond. Wanted next September, a Lecturer in English, and a Lecturer in Chemistry and Health Education. Salary according to the Scales for Teaching Staff of Training Colleges. Further particulars and forms of application from the Registrar, College of Technology, Portsmouth. E. G. Barnard, Chief Education Officer.

ESSEX. Appointment of Peripatetic Music Teachers. Applications are invited for two full-time posts for peripatetic string music teachers. It is hoped to appoint teachers with successful teaching experience in violin classes and instrumental work. Candidates should hold a teacher's certificate awarded following a course of training at a teachers' training college or have completed a course at a college of music which is accepted for the payment of the qualified rate of salary under the Burnham Scale. The teachers will be required to visit schools of all types where instrumental teaching is required. An additional fixed (unpensionable) allowance of £60 per annum will be paid towards travelling and out-of-pocket expenses. Application forms (with further particulars) may be obtained (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, and should be returned not later than April 7.

SHORT Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Applications will also be accepted from final year undergraduates, and these will be considered in anticipation of their degree results. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with qualifications in History or English with a sound Mathematics or Science background. After two years' service, Officers will be eligible for selection for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. (2) Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st- or 2nd-Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated. Married Officers under the age of 25 receive Marriage Allowance of £146 per annum but are not entitled to be accommodated in Official married quarters. An initial Outfit Allowance of £115 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax-free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. (3) Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full- or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. (4) Service in the Instructor Branch will, in the case of officers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, be treated as contributory service, contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Other officers may have their service in the Instructor Branch similarly treated if they so desire. (5) Fuller details and application forms may be obtained from Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1. Completed application forms should be returned, if possible, before May 31, 1955.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being asked to extend its service to other parts of the country. Social workers interested in participating in this development can obtain further details from Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

COURIER required, Continental Coach Tours, June to September. Qualifications and salary required to Box 5585.

GOVERNMENT of Kenya. Industrial Relations Officer, Labour Department, required to assist trade union movement and help to establish and operate negotiating and wage fixing machinery; should have knowledge of labour legislation and trade union practice and administration. Experience of industrial relations and as trade union official required. Age limit 45. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary £1,278-1,620 plus 10% non-pensionable cost of living allowance. Government quarters at low rental or allowance in lieu. Free passages. Tour of service 24-45 months. Generous home leave. Free medical treatment. Low income tax. Further particulars and application form from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting BCD 132/7/06. Last day for receipt of initial enquiries, April 2, 1955.

GOVERNMENT of Northern Rhodesia. A vacancy exists for a male Broadcasting Officer, Information Department, Northern Rhodesia. Qualifications: Applicants should possess all round experience of the programme side of broadcasting and have experience of broadcasting administration including handling of staff. Interest in African affairs essential. Duties: Responsible through the Chief Information Officer for the planning and production of all programmes broadcast from the Central African Broadcasting Station, Lusaka. To supervise and train programme staff, European and African. Terms of appointment: On contract for one tour of 3 years. Salary according to experience and qualifications in the scale £1,200—£1,425 plus cost of living allowance of between £205—£241 10s. per annum. Gratuity at rate of £37 10s. for each completed period of three months' resident service, subject to satisfactory completion of contract. Furnished quarters at rental of not exceeding 10% of basic salary. Free passages for officer, wife and up to one full fare for children. Vacation leave at rate of 5 days for each completed month of resident service. Income Tax at low local rates. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention ref. number BCD 148/3/01.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires a Promotion Officer to plan and execute all forms of promotion and publicity, except press. Successful experience in promotion essential and knowledge of broadcasting and television useful. Starting salary £1,260-£1,410 according to experience and qualifications, rising to £1,510 (men). Applications by April 13. Write for further particulars and an application form to the Establishment Officer, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1.

SOUTH Pacific Commission. Applications are invited for appointment as Technical Assistant to the Deputy Chairman of the Research Council with the South Pacific Commission, Noumea, New Caledonia. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not be less than £Stg.950 plus a post allowance of £Stg.439 (single) or £Stg.732 (married). Applicants must have good academic qualifications in economics and be experienced in statistical enquiries relating to agriculture, industry, commodities or national accounting. Fluency in English and French very desirable. The successful applicant, who would be appointed for a period of from two to three years with a view to permanency, will be required to assist with technical documentation and statistics relating to the Commission's work programme which includes projects in economic, social and health fields. Further information on conditions of employment may be obtained from The Under-Secretary of State, the Colonial Office, Church House, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1. (Ref. PAC 16/01). Applications, with full particulars of qualifications and experience, should be forwarded by airmail to The Secretary-General, South Pacific Commission, Noumea, New Caledonia, and should reach him before April 16, 1955.

CIVIL Service Commission. Special Departmental Classes (H.M. Inspector of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence). Method I. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service). The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms has been extended to May 31, 1955. Age: At least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1955 with extension for Forces service and, for Statistician Class only, up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 17-20/55 (for Special Departmental Classes), No. 21/55 (for Statistician Class).

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Applications are invited for the post of Catering Supervisor. Salary £380 by £20 to £460. Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. H. W. Beand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

ENTERPRISING Girl's Club requires enthusiastic Leader; May or earlier; preferably residential (in congenial company). Salary £400, less residence. Apply Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.

CHILDREN'S Service. (i) Housemistress and (ii) Staff Matron required at Gisburne House, L.C.C. Approved School, Watford, Herts. The school is being reorganized to provide for 40 girls, of good intelligence, age 15-17 on admission, a full programme of mental and physical activities, including home-making. (i) Applicants for Housemistress post should hold degree or diploma, etc., in social science, social studies or youth leadership; H.O. Res. Child Care Cert., with practical expce. of Approved School or similar work; have been approved by Home Office for appointment as Housemistress; or have had considerable expce., pref. in res. capacity, of problems arising with older girls of unstable character or temperament. In addition to supervision duties, and the planning and cultivation of out-of-school activities the Housemistress will be expected to undertake some after-care duties and assist with family re-habilitation: applicants should therefore, in addition, be qualified psychiatric social workers or have had comparable training or experience (e.g. in mental health or as educational psychologist). (ii) The Staff Matron's duties will include supervision of girls in out-of-school activities incl. housework and recreations; candidates must therefore have sound personal knowledge of problems arising with adolescent girls of unstable temperament and ability to control them; res. expce. of approved school or similar work and/or approved qualifcn. (e.g. H.O. Res. Cert., Social Science Diploma) advantageous. (iii) Salaries. Housemistress: Within scale £439 17s. 6d. p.a.—£726 15s. p.a. accord. to age and/or expce.; Staff Matron: £408 p.a.—£471 15s. p.a.; both less approx. £94 p.a. for board, lodging, etc. (iv) Annual leave: Housemistress—8 weeks; Staff Matron—4 weeks. Applic. form and further details (s.a.e. and indicating in which post(s) you are interested) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/197), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, St. John's Gardens, London, S.W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) required. Experience with both adults and children desirable. Applications from workers not holding the Mental Health Certificate will be considered. N.H.S. salary scale according to experience plus London Weighting. (P.T.A. 17 or 21.) Post vacant April 1. Applications, naming two refs., to House Governor. Hospital may be visited by appointment (VIC 8161, Ext. 18).

CENTRAL Middlesex Group Hospital Management Committee. Child Guidance Training Centre, 6 Osnaburgh Street, N.W.1. Child Psychotherapist (non-medical) required, whole-time, for new appointment at the Child Guidance Training Centre, 6 Osnaburgh Street, N.W.1. Duties will include treatment of children and participation in training of professional workers in child guidance. Further details and application form from Group Secretary, Central Middlesex Group H.M.C., Acton Lane, N.W.10.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Bodicote Lawn, Banbury. Applications are invited from women up to 45 years of age for the post of Resident Assistant at this hostel, which accommodates fifteen children aged 6-11 years. Sympathy, interest and experience in the homely care of children essential. Salary: £350×£15—£410 p.a. less £108 p.a. board, laundry, etc. Applic., giving details of previous experience and names of two refs. should be made to the Social Welfare Officer, Tower Crescent, New Road, Oxford. A. R. Chorlton, M.A., Director of Education.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required for small Society. Work is with families of boarded-out nervous children and maladjusted children at Bodenham Manor Residential School. Apply: The Secretary, Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid and Nervous Children, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

SUPERVISION Officer (resident) required for full time duties with children in out-of-school hours at this Special School for 50 Maladjusted Boys, ages 10 to 16 years. For further details and application forms apply to the Headmaster, Chaigeley School (Ministry of Education No. 405/7000), Thelwall, Near Warrington, Lancs.

TRAVEL Agency invites applications for post as Resident Social Leader or Host at holiday hotel (70 to 100 guests) in Channel Islands or West Country. Duties cover supervising transport and excursions, organising daily outings and evening entertainment and social programme generally. Season April or May to September only. Full board and accommodation plus weekly honorarium. Good humour, tact, energy, liking for people essential. Apply by letter only giving age, details of experience and qualifications to W.T.A. (Department S.J.), Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls age 4-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. monthly less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

FABIAN Colonial Bureau requires Assistant Secretary. Academic training and individual or affiliated membership of Labour Party essential, previous study of colonial affairs an advantage. Salary £400 p.a. or upwards according to qualifications. Full particulars from the General Secretary, The Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SCIENTIFIC Publishers in London have an editorial vacancy. Applicants should have a science degree, or equivalent, and wide rather than specialised interests. Some training in editorial or liaison work would be an advantage. Pension scheme. Apply giving full particulars, and salary range expected, to Box 5564.

THE North Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre will shortly have vacancies for 2 married women. (a) Junior Secretary. Must be competent shorthand/typist, conversant with office routine. No Saturday work. Initial salary £350 per annum. (b) Clinic Worker. To undertake interviews and reception work at sessions and some clerical work with patients' records. No Saturday work, 37½-hour week to include two evenings. Initial salary £325 per annum. Applications, together with qualifications and experience, to The Secretary, 12 Telford Rd., W.10.

VACANCY for Senior Clerk of Office, staff four. Good sh/typ. and admin. experience essential. Salary £475 by £20 to £595, 9.30 to 5.30, Sat. to 12.30, alternate free, 24 days' holiday. Appns. and 2 referees to Secretary, Inst. of Advanced Legal Studies (Univ. of London), 25 Russell Sq., W.C.1. Further partics. available.

ASSISTANT Secretary, good shorthand/typist, required for small London Liberal Jewish Congregation. Pleasant working conditions. Box 5461.

LITERATE secretary required by consultant editors/print designers. Hard work but good prospects. First-class shorthand-typing essential. Box 5404.

B.B.C. requires typist for Danish section. Must be able to type from Danish dictation rapidly and accurately and perform other secretarial duties. Starting salary £7 rising to £8 plus 10s. language allowance. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "784 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

BOOKKEEPER (Male) reqd. by large W. End Technical firm. Comm. sal. £10 up. Duttons Sec. Service, 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

EXPERIENCED secretary required for a University Research Laboratory, Cambridge, to act as personal secretary and to help with general running of the Laboratory. Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience, should be made to Box 5375.

KIND, intelligent companion for author's wife. Loss memory. Comfortable house, Oxfordshire. Adequate service. Sound references & experience. Box 5703.

NURSERY Governess age 25/35 required for France, two boys 7 and 9 years both at day school; good English speech necessary; musical desirable, interesting position, excellent salary. Box 5459.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 5573.

WANTED for "New Statesman-ish" political office, retired enthusiast for routine work in return junior salary. Box 5698.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

ARE you a shorthand or copy typist? If so you can work from 10-5, no Saturdays, for a week or more, Cranbourn Agency, 42, Cranbourn St., Leic. Sq. GER. 3249.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

RESEARCH Assist. (Chem.) recently recovered ment. breakdown sks. unprejudiced employer. Exp. abstracts, trans. (German), applic. scientific method. Box 5335.

SECRETARY desires part-time interesting work; experienced in Finance and Company work. Box 5325.

SEC. (28, f.) expd., Eng. Hons., sks. interesting post. Temp. considered. Box 5626.

SH./Typist (Soc. Sc. Diploma) reqs. work at home. Own machine. PER. 0347.

YOUNG Woman, energetic, adaptable, seeks outdoor work, non-residential, in/near London. April-Sept. Box 5552.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn. W.1. May. 6626.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 456

INTRODUCTION to Economics. A series of ten weekly Lectures dealing with the essentials of Economics will be held on Thursdays, 7-9 p.m. at 4 Great Smith St., Westminster, beginning March 31. Discussion period at each lesson. No reading assignment or exercises. Subjects include: Factors of Production, Rent, Wages, Interest, Profits, Value, Money, Inflation, Employment, Taxation and Monopoly. (Classical and Modern Theory.) The Course includes ethical assessment of present-day wealth distribution. Nominal registration fee 2*s.* 6*d.*—no other charges. Write or telephone Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., Westminster (ABBey 6665).

TRAINING in Clinical and Educational Psychology. Applications are invited from suitably qualified people for a three-term training as psychologists in the field of Child Guidance. The training will take place within Child Guidance Clinics. Some grants are available. Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Forms of application, together with further particulars, from the Education Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1. Applications to be returned by April 1, 1955.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board Examination for admission September, 1955, will be held on May 2. Last date for application, April 1. Full particulars and application forms from Principal, 36 Bedford Sq., W.C.1.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden/Grisons, Switzerland. 4,000 feet above sea level. A Modern International Study Centre inspired by the Teaching and Spirit of Albert Schweitzer. For young people over 18 years of age and adults. A Balanced Education in a Democratic Community. Year Courses: 3 Terms of 11 weeks, October until June; Tuition (German and English) in Philosophical and Social Problems, Psychology, Ethics, Education and the Arts; Language Instruction by Modern Methods. Sport: Mountain Climbing, Skiing, Swimming, Tennis. Cost: £79 per Term (including Board, Lodging and Tuition). Summer Courses in July and August: 4 Courses of two weeks' duration—University Lecturers, Lectures and Discussions about Contemporary Problems. Mental stimulation, physical recreation, happy community life. Cost: 15*s.* 9*d.* per day (including Board, Lodging and Tuition).

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. New Courses April 19. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's College, 2, Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

ENGLISH lessons for foreign students. Experienced graduate teacher, specialist examination coaching. 10 mins. Marble Arch. Prospectus free, Miss Loder, 55 Belgrave Road, Ilford, Essex.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

EXPERT Postal Tuition for examinations.—University, Law, Accountancy, Secretarial, Civil Service, Commercial, General Cert. of Education, etc. Also many practical (non-exam.) Courses in business subjects. Write today for free prospectus mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to Metropolitan College (D14), St. Albans, or call, 30 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAL. 4657.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

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CIVILISATION and the Idea of Progress: Progressive League Easter Conference, April 7/11, at Grittleton House, Nr. Chippenham, Wilts. J. Hemming: Is Human Society Advancing? P. Ticciati: Psycho-Analysis and Human Progress; Dr. W. Russell: Sexual Behaviour and Human Progress; J. Hayes: Progress, Dominance and Civilisation; Brains Trust. Fee, £4 17*s.* 6*d.* Full partics. from and bookings to: Mrs. M. Fried (P.L.), 24 Howitt Road, N.W.3.

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CANTERBURY Summer School (History and Architecture). Residential, St. Augustine's College, Sept. 7-14. Fees: £8 10*s.* inclusive. Lectures, visits new and old buildings, inc. Cathedral. Information from: Hon. Secretary, The Canterbury Society, 42 Cherry Drive, Canterbury.

SPANISH Summer Course in San Sebastian, Aug. 1-18. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Brixen, in Thale, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature, Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc, under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns.*—21 days, 27*gns.*) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 1½*gns.*; 2nd class 2½*gns.* Write for leaflet "1955 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR 5973. "Volpone." Last 2 days. Commencing March 29, "Androcles & the Lion," Shaw. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days, 5.0 & 8.0. "Sacrifice to the Wind." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Theatre, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Tues. to Sat. 8. Sun. 6.30. "Airs and Graces," "Wittiest after-dinner show . . ." Stage. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Très Chic." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. guest ticket. Please note the times of our two productions, which were shown incorrectly last week.

THE "Friends of the Marie Steiner School" present Dr. W. J. Ernst in a one-man Performance of Goethe's "Faust," Prologue and Scene I, in German, at the Twentieth Century Theatre, Westbourne Grove, W.11, on Tues., April 5, at 8 p.m. PAR. 6870. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. & 1s. 6d.

"DER Schwierige," by Hofmannsthal. Two Dramatic Readings in German by Maria Fein. Mon., March 28 and Wed., March 30, at 7.30 p.m., at Arts Council, 4 St. James Sq. Tkts. 6s. from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Eisenstein Season. Until Mar. 27: "Time in the Sun" (A) (London). From Mar. 28: "Alexander Nevsky" (U), English Version.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Mar. 26. Gene Kelly in "An American in Paris" (U). Dir.: Vincente Minnelli. 2, 4, 6, 8.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun. Mar. 27, "Dédée" (Cert. X) French.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Gate of Hell," Grand Prix Winner, Cannes Festival, 1954. First colour film from Japan, English Sub-titles, and "Jogun" Indian social film starring famous Nargis and Dilip Kumar. Thursday, April 7, 7 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance. For particulars apply A.F.S., 11 Greek Street, W.1. GER. 0073. Office hours Weekdays 2-5 p.m.

HUNGARIAN film première—"I and my Grandfather"—St. Pancras Town Hall, April 3. Hungarian music starts at 7.10 p.m. Adm. 9d. B.H.F.S., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Hall, next Central Library. Fri., March 25, 8 p.m., and Sat., March 26, 7.15 p.m. Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky."

TEACHERS' Film Show. Colour documentary "Happy Childhood" & colour folk tale "Crimson Flower." Thurs., Mar. 31, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

FANTASIA Club, 35 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Bar open dly. ex. Mon. Weekend studio dances to Sonny Drinkwater & his Music from 7.30 p.m. Mems. 3s. 6d., gsts. 5s.

I.C.A. Dancing to Sidney Gold and his Orchestra, Sat., March 26, 8-11. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals—Wednesdays until May 25 at 5.45, March 30, Geraint Jones (organ). Leaflets giving full progs. & tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

BOYD Neel Chamber Ensemble. Trios by Mozart (K.498), Brahms (Op. 40): Piano Quartet, K.493 (Mozart). Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat., Apr. 2, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. LeClair, Couperin, Rameau, Bach, Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, this Saturday, March 26, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

RECITAL by the famous young Austrian Pianist Felicitas Karrer. Works by Mozart, Schubert, Schmidt, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Einem. Wigmore Hall, Sat. April 2, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s. from Hall or Anglo-Austrian Music Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. Tel. WES. 9003.

"SADKO" (Rimsky-Korsakov). Bolshoi Theatre choir, soloists & orchestra, cond. N. Golovanov. Tape-recording recital. Sun., Mar. 27, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & studs. 1s.)

RENAISSANCE Singers. Director Michael Howard. Saturday, April 2, at 3 p.m. in Southwark Cathedral, S.E.1. Music by Taverner, Cornyshe and Shepherd. Adm. by programme, 3s. at door. (Mems. 2s.)

MUSIC-Lovers—Listen to the world's greatest opera performances and concerts. Details every Friday in "European Radio" (programmes of 20 stations). Price 6d. Newsagents or 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

EXHIBITIONS

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Bearsted Collection. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2s. 6d.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Welling, until April 3. Admission free.

HIROSHIMA. An exhibition of paintings from Japan by Iri Maruki and Toshiko Akamatsu. College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. March 26-April 7, 12 to 8.30 p.m. Opening Sat., March 26, 11 a.m.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures by Jean Dubuffet Opening March 30. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat. until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork Street, W.1. S. W. Hayter, engravings and etchings; Moshe Maurer, gouache drawings, selected paintings. 10-6. Sats. 1 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Modigliani Drawings: Pajetta Paintings.

"PEARL of the Orient"—The Republic of the Philippines in Photographs. Royal Geographical Society, Kensington Gore. March 23 to April 7, 9.30-5 (Sats. 9.30-12). Admission free.

THE Arts of the T'Ang Dynasty. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes March 30. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tue. 10-8. Adm. free.

WATERCOLOURS from Sicily and Italy by Lily Spandorf at Italian State Tourist Office, 201 Regent St., W.1, from March 15 to April 15. Weekdays 9-5, Sat. 9-12.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture & Drawings, Aristide Maillol. From March 29: Exhibition of Paintings by Manolis Calliyannis.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Rodrigo Moynihan, Renato Guttuso and S. R. Badmin. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Apr. 5.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. The London Group. 1st exhib. Artists' Prints & Monotypes. March 9-Apr. 2.

WOMEN'S International Art Club. Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture with Sculpture from the U.S.A. and by Helen Phillips. New Burlington Gallery, W.1 (entrance Old Burlington St.), March 18-April 5 inc. Monday to Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 p.m. Admission 1s.

BOROUGH Bottega at the Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings, Sculpture & Drawings. Mar. 21-April 2.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Off the Beaten Track. Unfamiliar and neglected Masters. March.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Kikoine. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 2.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Christo Coetzee. Till April 15.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Until April 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

RUMANIAN Books & Handicrafts, Art, Classical and Scientific Works, Illuminated leather bindings. Collet's New Book Gallery, 44/45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily 11-6 excl. Suns. & Easter weekend March 15 to April 14. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"SOCIAL and Economic Conditions in Israel." Any Questions Session at Royal Society of Arts, 8, John Adam Street, Adelphi, at 6.15 p.m. March 29. Panel: Alderman Mrs. Bentwich, Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Mr. David Kessler, Mr. H. Margalit. Chairman: Sir Andrew McFadyean. Tickets 2s. from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

"WOMEN, Children and the Atom." Thurs. March 31, 7.30. Friends' Meeting House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Chair.: Dr. Stark Murray (Pres., S.M.A.). Speakers: Drs. Hugh Price, Horace Joules and the Japanese Women's Delegation from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Joint auspices Society of Friends' Peace Committee; Socialist Medical Association.

ALBERT Howard Memorial Lecture. Louis Bromfield, author of "Pleasant Valley," "The Rains Came," etc., will lecture on his work on Malabar farm in Ohio and Brazil, in the Hall of the Royal Empire Society, Craven St., Charing Cross, on Wed., April 6, at 7 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. from Soil Assoc., 8F Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1. PAD. 3666.

ALL Nations Social Club. Debate: Motion: That this House approves the policy of Her Majesty's Present Government in Kenya. Proposer: F. M. Bennett, M.P. (Cons.). Opposer: Fenner Brockway, M.P. (Lab.). General discussion 8 p.m., Wed., March 30 at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Station). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

GEORGE Padmore, Thomas Hodgkin and Dr. Olumbe Bassir speak on "Nigeria and Pan-African Conference," at 32 Percy Street, W.1, on Sunday, March 27, at 2 p.m. United Nigeria Committee.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 29, F. A. Ridley (2) "World Free-Thought Movements—Their Changing Pattern." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group., 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Mar. 25, Miss Dorothy Coulthard, "The New Bulgaria." (Illustrated by films.) Friday, Apl. 1, Annual General Meeting. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 27. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Work of Joseph McCabe." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

GEORGE Bryans: "Ethics in International Relations." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., Mar. 28, at 8.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. April 2 at 6 p.m. Mr. P. Armstrong: "Should the United Nations own the High Seas?"

H. J. BLACKHAM "Atheist or Agnostic?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., March 27, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

"JEWISH Education—Current Trends." Lecture by Mr. S. S. Levin, LL.B., Mon., March 28, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Chair.: Dr. I. S. Fox. Arranged by Zionist Federation.

ASTHMA and its management. Free public lecture by Dr. James Maxwell, Burroughs Wellcome Hall, Euston Rd. N.W.1, 6 p.m. Thurs. Mar. 31. British Asthma Assoc. (Lon. Br.), 67 Haldon Rd. S.W.18.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Mar. 31, 7.30: S. K. Samanta, M.A., on "Tantra and Mysticism." All welcome.

"CONCILIATORY Methods in Borstal." Alan Roberton, governor North Sea Camp, talking to Education Commission, P.P.U., Friends House, Euston Rd. Sat., Apr. 2, 3-5.30. Non-mems. welc. For tea (9d.) notify Jone Burgess, 9 West St., Hertford.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, April 1. Mr. F. W. Andersson (Assistant to Director of Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations): "Introduction to Sweden" (Illus.). 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., March 28, 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse: Second of two talks on "Commissioned Music." "Composing for Radio." Speakers: R. D. Smith, Producer, Elisabeth Lutyens, Composer. Chairman: Terence Tiller. C.C. members 2s. Non-members 3s. Thurs., March 31, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: "Guttuso," with reference to the exhibition at Leicester Galleries. Speakers: Andrew Forge, Benedict Nicolson, Dr. Roland, David Sylvester. Chairman: Patrick Heron. Members 2s. Guests 3s.

QUAKER Fellowship of the Arts. At Friends House, Euston Road. Exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures and crafts, Mar. 30-April 6. Reading by Vera Brittain & Marjorie Gullan, Friday, April 1, 7.30 p.m. Concert in aid of Friends Peace Committee, Saturday, April 2.

HARDWICKE Society: Debate "That American policy in respect of Formosa is a threat to peace." Proposed by Mr. J. F. Platts-Mills. Opposed by Mr. Frank Darvall, Director-General, English Speaking Union. March 25, 8.15 p.m., in Middle Temple Common Room. Adm. free. Visitors welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., March 30—no meeting. Wed., April 6, C. A. R. Crosland, M.P.: "Aspects of the Class System," 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome. 2s.

HYDROGEN Bomb. Bertrand Russell, Clement Davies, Prof. Alex. Haddow, Henry Usborne, M.P., Jim Pitman, M.P., Gilbert McAllister. Central Hall, Westminster. Thurs., March 31. Doors open 6.30 Reserved seats 2s. 6d. Apply Parliamentary Assoc. for World Govt., 21 Hampstead Lane, N.6. Federal Union TRA. 2275.

"GERMAN Rearmament—Peace or War?" Wm. Warbey, M.P., Arthur Lewis, M.P., Mervyn Jones, Stuart Morris. Chair: Ted Bedford, Sec., Pol. Cttee., L.C.S. Questions. 8 p.m. March 29. Hornsey Town Hall, Crouch End Bdy. Admission 6d. Hornsey Cttee. Peaceful Solution German Problem.

LONDON Society of Jews & Christians. Mr. Raphael Loewe, M.C., M.A., of Cambridge, & the Rev. Edwin Robertson, M.A., D.D., D.Litt., of the B.B.C. will speak on Corresponding Great Teachings in Jewish and Christian Traditions (a) The Kingdom of God—with Prebendary Clarence May, M.A., in the chair at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1, at 8.15 p.m., on Wed., March 30. All are welcome.

THE Soviet Legal Profession. J. B. Elton. Tues., Mar. 29, 7 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Arr. by Anglo-Soviet Law Assoc., Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. members 1s.).

BRAINS Trust. Monday, March 28, Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. 8.30, Dame Kathleen Courtney, D.B.E.; Mrs. Peggy Jay; Mr. Ludovic Kennedy; Rev. Philip Eastman; Prof. J. Rotblat. Hampstead United Nations Assoc. All welc.

RACIAL Unity. Mon., March 28, at Friends House, Euston Rd. Annual General Meeting at 6.30, followed at 8 by public meeting addressed by Cmmdr. T. Fox Pitt and Canon C. E. Raven.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., March 18, 8 p.m. Prof. Zander, "Russian Religious Thought." Fri., April 1, 8 p.m. Dr. W. Ernst, "Recitation Antichrist by Vladimir Soloviev."

RETIREMENT: are you planning yours? This will be the theme of lectures at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Apr. 15-17.

RESEARCH Laboratories & Teaching in U.S.S.R. Dr. M. Abercrombie & Dr. N. Malleson. Wed., Mar. 30, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

S.C.R. Special Members' Meeting & Conference on future plans. Sat., Mar. 26, mtg. 2.30-4.30, conf. 5-7 p.m. Adm. by S.C.R. membership card. At 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

HUNGARY has been a free country for ten years now: Celebration at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, April 3, at 7.30. William Pearson (Scottish Miners' Leader) & János Katona, Hungarian Minister, will speak. Hungarian films and music. Admission 9d. Tickets from British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. (BAY. 2642.)

A. L. LLOYD, well-known folklorist, talks on "Creanga," the Rumanian writer of folk tales. At Rumanian Book Exhibition, Collet's, 45 Museum St., W.C.1 (opp. Brit. Museum). Mon., March 28, 7.30. Adm. free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. March 27: "Theosophy and Social Reform."

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